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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

UNCLE SAM UNDER SUSPICION

Most European comment upon the recent Pan-American Conference at Santiago was colored with jealous suspicion of the United States. Even the moderate and well-poised London *Economist* said the meeting was designed 'to earn recognition of the United States as virtual autocrat of the smaller nations of Latin America.' However, that journal approved the suggestion for a code of international law to apply to the countries of the Western Hemisphere, as a first step toward a League of American Nations, and indirectly toward bringing the United States into the existing League.

La Tribuna, the leading Liberal daily of Rome, characterized the Conference as 'a battle — the fifth bloodless battle in which the United States has advanced under the shadow of the banner of Monroe to conquer Latin America.'

Heraldo de Madrid interpreted the Santiago meeting as a confronting of two international theories: 'the imperialism of the United States and the individualism that permeates the Spanish-American Republics and Brazil.' The failure of the Conference to form an American League of Nations was, according to this journal, 'a defeat of Anglo-Saxon Monroeism and a pledge of loyalty on the part of the Latin Republics to the principle of world solidarity, represented by the League of Nations of Geneva. In a sense it was a triumph of Wilson over Harding.'

Carlos Pereyra, writing in the *Revue de l'Amérique Latine*, considers that the Pan-American ideal, which 'seeks to strengthen the solidarity of moral interests between the Saxon and the Iberian halves of the New World, simultaneously with the threatening growth in the material power of the United States,' is an attempt to set back the clock of history and to return to the principles of the Holy Alliance — to the idea that stronger nations have a moral right to guide the destinies of weaker nations.

Pan-Americanism to-day does not beget concord but discord — inevitable hostility. All the motives for common action among American nations centre around the problems raised by the imperial progress of the United States.

However, a friendlier interpretation is given to our motives at Santiago by the Madrid Liberal weekly, *España*. This journal considers that the United States has imperialist aspirations, and that their immediate field of action is the New World, but that they are as yet vague and unformulated. 'It would be premature to charge the

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United States with a conscious and thought-out imperialist policy, pursuing a preëstablished course.'

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AMERICA AND JAPAN IN CHINA

THE cancellation of the Ishii-Lansing agreement, by which the United States recognized Japan's special interest in China, is viewed with mixed feelings by the Japanese. Tokyo *Asahi*, a popular independent organ, believes the agreement was superseded by the Washington Conference treaties, and ought to have been cancelled when they were ratified. *Kokumin*, an imperialist organ, thinks that America has now deprived Japan of all such special interests as may stand in the way of her own activities in China. 'Japan's special position can be protected only by her own strength.' *Chugai Shogyo*, the leading commercial organ, attaches little importance to the old agreement, since it was a mere declaration of the aims and intentions of the two nations, and these aims do not depend on diplomatic statements. The cancellation is thus an empty formality — more of a theatrical gesture than a positive act. This is also substantially the conclusion of the ultra-jingo journal *Yorodzu*, which asserts that Japan's special interests in China are not based upon scraps of paper and cannot be impaired by paper declarations.

While this diplomatic gesture, if such it be, was being made, a sharp conflict of interests arose between the two nations in China itself. In February 1918, the Chinese Naval Office made a contract with the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha for the erection of a wireless station near Peking, and in this connection granted that company what is alleged to be a thirty years' monopoly over radio communications in China.

Recently an American firm, the Federal Telegraph Company, contracted with the Chinese Ministry of Communications for the construction of several high-power radio stations, to be owned and operated by the Chinese Government. The Japanese protested, and at the latest reports are attempting to block the construction of the first station to be erected by the Federal Company at Shanghai. In connection with the controversy it is pointed out that the station which the Japanese began building at Peking five years ago is not yet in working order, and that the British Marconi and a French radio company are apparently in league with the Mitsui Company in opposing the American enterprise.

But the crisscross of commercial and political rivalry in Asia does not form a consistent pattern. American capital is said to be flowing into Asia through Manchuria via Japanese channels, thereby building up a community of interest between our financiers and Japanese promoters in that continent. As a result, according to the *Weekly Review of the Far East*, America will be encouraged 'to look with disfavor upon any political move that would tend to disturb the present situation' — that is, to threaten Japan's economic control of Manchuria and its hinterland. Whenever Japanese enterprises in China are threatened, American bondholders will be disposed to say: 'Go easy, do not do anything that might endanger our investments.'

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CADORNA AND FOCH

WHAT *La Tribuna* calls 'a legend begotten in France and propagated abroad by certain influences,' attributes the recovery of the Italian army after Caporetto, and its obstinate resistance upon the Piave, to the personal intervention of General Foch. An article in the *Revue des deux Mondes* first set forth this interpretation of the

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battle. More recently a book by General Mangin has reasserted the same claim.

Naturally this effort to ascribe the military recovery that goes so far to compensate Italy for the unpleasant memories of Caporetto to the intervention of a French commander has provoked bitter resentment in that country. In the April issue of *Rassegna Italiana* General Cadorna formally denies the French claim. A previous article on the same theme appeared in the October issue of that review. Both have been widely summarized and quoted in the Italian press, and are generally assumed to be a final refutation of the French version of the battle. General Cadorna in conclusion says: —

> Italy is grateful to the Government of the neighboring Republic for its solicitous offers of aid in the hour of peril, and to Marshal Foch for hastening to our country to lend his counsels to our high command. But the General's admirers do him ill service when they try to exalt him by attributing to him merits that are not his due. We recognize his achievements as of the first order and as entitling him to the position of one of the leading commanders of our time. For this reason I deplore the controversy that has been provoked by French writers. It serves merely to divide our sentiments, to nourish misunderstandings, and to dishonor the memory of the hosts of Italians and Frenchmen who died gloriously for our common cause on the fields of France and Italy.

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STILL STUDYING WAR

MILITARY preparedness continues to engage the attention of the public in many parts of Europe quite as much as before the war. Two reports were recently submitted to the French Chamber, containing projects for the mobilization of all the nation's resources, human and material, in case of future hostilities. After a debate lasting more than a year, her Parliament has adopted a new army law, the most important feature of which — at least in the popular mind — provides for stationing colored troops in France. This change, advocated by its proponents on the ground that it will enable the Government to shorten the period of enlistment for white Frenchmen, encounters considerable opposition, and has given the cue for uncomplimentary reflections upon France's African and Asiatic soldiers.

A writer in *Le Temps* says: 'Before the war our black troops were praised unsparingly, and their employment in large bodies was advocated. . . . But the war proved a disenchantment.' The efficiency of colored troops was lowered by their inability to endure the hardships of active service in a northern climate. Moreover, 'we were forced to recognize that if some of our Sudanese were naturally courageous, others showed little aptitude for the profession of arms. Taken in the mass, their average was generally below par. Panics were frequent.' The author cites such instances from his personal experience. In general, opinion seems hostile to the use of black troops in France, although *La France Militaire* prints a technical defense of the new provision.

Meanwhile, possibly on account of anticipated friction between Great Britain and Russia, and the spring alarms that are now a seasonal phenomenon in Eastern Europe, the constitution and efficiency of the Red Army are receiving renewed attention. *Mercure de France* discusses these forces at length, expressing the opinion that the Soviet troops, which now number about one million men, and have improved in instruction and discipline since the debacle before Warsaw in 1921, represent a real danger for Russia's small neighbors on the west.

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'Unquestionably the "Army of Workers and Peasants" has made progress both in organization and instruction.' A contributor to *Le Journal des Débats* describes the air forces of the Soviet Government as consisting of seven squadrons of sixty planes each. Four airplane-factories are in operation, directed by German engineers who have brought skilled artisans to Russia from their own country. There are also six factories making airplane motors. In fact, Russia is now independent in the matter of airplane material, except for carburetors and certain special metals, which are imported from Germany.

A book entitled *Die Rote Armee* has just been published in Berlin. Its author, Heinz Fenner, professes to give a complete history and an authoritative account of the existing organization and condition of the Soviet forces, based upon official documents. He is not in sympathy with the present régime in Moscow, and believes that the peasants who form the masses of the rank and file would turn against the Government if they could be convinced that a new administration would confirm their title to the land they have seized.

A contributor to the *Weekly Review of the Far East* describes in enthusiastic terms a military ceremony that he recently attended at Chita, Siberia, where he witnessed a review of some thirty-five hundred Bolshevist troops stationed in that city.

While the troops waited the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief, groups of them, all along the lines, indulged in their favorite pastime of seizing hold of their commanders and commissars and tossing them bodily up into the air, catching them in their hands as they descended. This is a feature of Russian army life I never witnessed in the days of the old régime and discloses the close comradeship existing between the rank and file and their officers.

However, the review seems to have passed off better than this initial frolic might lead one to anticipate.

Infantry units marched briskly past the grand stand to the strains of music. They were followed by the engineer corps; then came the preparatory military education corps; a battery of 3″ and 6″ heavy field artillery and a few 1½″ light field pieces, termed *makhonki* by the Russians, came scudding past drawn by sturdy Siberian ponies emitting streams of vapor into the keen frosty air like steam from a locomotive. Then came the cavalry, riding the best spirited horses Siberia possesses. The aviator corps next passed on foot, followed by three armored motor-cars, after which the mounted militia and foot militia ended the march. When passing the grand stand each company, in reply to the Commander's words of praise, responded with a loud 'Hurrah!' that rent the clear frosty air like the crack of a gun. The spirit of the troops was excellent and the march past the reviewing stand was incomparable with anything I had ever witnessed in the days of the old régime.

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HAVING FUN WITH THE LABORISTS

THE Tory *Morning Post* grows genially sarcastic over the persistence of the Labor Party in bringing the Sakhalin question up in Parliament. That hyperborean island, which, it will be recalled, was ceded to Russia some fifty or sixty years ago by Japan, and was partially recovered by the latter country at the time of the Portsmouth Treaty, technically belongs in part to the Government of the Soviets. But the Japanese are still occupying it. Referring to this mooted subject the *Morning Post* says: —

We have discovered an almost universal belief among our working classes, in whose name the representations to the Japanese Embassy have been made, that Sakhalin is a horse which ran without much success in some of the winter steeplechases.

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But the better-informed Labor representatives in Parliament are of course aware that Sakhalin is an island inhabited by Ainus and kindred people. Therefore, the *Morning Post* ascribes the interest of the Labor Party in these tribes to the fact that the Ainus 'have carried the doctrines and habits of the Communists even further than the Bolsheviki themselves.' It surmises that a deputation of the Labor Party will probably visit the island the coming summer with funds raised by trade-union subscriptions, 'proceeding via Teschen, which Mr. Lloyd George informed the House of Commons some time ago was on the eastern shores of Siberia.' It then proceeds to describe the Communist Ainus: —

'The great progress made by the Ainus in the theory and practice of Communism may be gathered from the description of the tribe in our popular Encyclopædias. They are the hairiest race on the face of the earth, which is a fortunate circumstance, as their only other protection against the cold consists of a robe made from the bark of the elm tree, and boots made from the skin of dogs or salmon. It is said that at one time they dressed in woolen cloth; but enlightened agitators among them led a strike against the capitalistic mill-owners, followed by a general massacre and the destruction of the mills, since which time they have had to grow hair to protect themselves against the cold of winter.

'They used to live in substantial houses made of brick and stone. But the progressive Trade Unions of Ainu stonecutters and bricklayers reduced the rate of work to one quarried stone and one brick laid a week, which established the rights of the proletariat so effectively that the whole population now inhabits reed-thatched huts, the largest twenty feet square, without partitions and having a fireplace in the centre. They have no chairs, stools, or tables, a circumstance due to a crisis in the furniture trade brought on by the presence of one non-Trade Unionist. So they sit on the floor, surrounded by smoke, which cannot escape as there is no chimney.'

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MINOR NOTES

THE Gandhi papers report a surplus of coarse, homespun yarns at several points in India, as a result presumably of the return to the spinning wheel advocated by that leader. Meanwhile Indian cotton-mill owners have notified their labor that wages will be reduced. Already a twenty-per-cent cut has been made in some districts. Compared with 1913, the pay of Indian cotton-mill workers in 1921 had increased by about two hundred per cent, but meanwhile net profits had risen more than fifteen hundred per cent. Some Indian leaders propose to limit the dividends of manufacturers to a specified maximum, as is already done in case of coöperative societies and banks. It is suggested that eighteen per cent be the highest legal rate allowed in case of protected industries, and twenty-four per cent in case of others. Probably such an arrangement would be quite agreeable to cotton-mill owners in most Western countries.

ON April First, a day that editors should view with caution, *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* published in evident good faith an article by an unknown Russian contributor describing a remarkable discovery made in the Soviet dominions. It reported that a certain Professor Figu-Pokazov had succeeded 'in harnessing the inexhaustible energy of the air,' thus blessing the world with a discovery more important than that of steam or electricity. According to *Nakanune*, a Berlin Bolshevist daily,

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the article was taken seriously not only by the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, which printed it in a department devoted to technical and scientific subjects, but also by that journal's contemporaries. In fact, several American newspapers reprinted the report under striking headlines.

To Russian readers the hoax was as plain as day — All Fools' Day — from the outset: for *figu pokasat* means literally in Russian 'to show a person a fig,' a fruit that does not grow in that country, and is a familiar bit of slang somewhat analogous to 'in your eye,' or 'tell it to the marines,' in English.

THE latest move in Japan's effort to conciliate Korea is the abolition of all legal discriminations discouraging marriage between the two nationalities. Admiral Saito, in a recent number of the Japan *Diplomatic Review*, argues that such marriages may serve a political purpose. The Japanese nation is 'a conglomeration of all the races in Asia, and already contains a large admixture of Korean blood. The experiment of race fusion started in Asia and has gone on for ages with complete success.' Therefore let the melting pot bubble merrily, and Korea's hostility to her Japanese rulers may eventually change to fireside affection.

Embros, an Athens daily, thus describes what it considers the most urgent political need of Greece: —

> We are all responsible for the past and its unhappy outcome, although we are not equally culpable. The national conscience has judged and condemned beyond appeal all the old political parties. We must bow to that judgment if we are true patriots and wish to see our nation again honored and respected. . . . So the old parties should disband, for they no longer hold a place in the hearts of the people. We should not deceive ourselves. Neither the leaderless Venizelists nor the opponents of Venizelos longer enjoy the confidence of the nation. A new day has dawned, and new men are necessary, who are not sullied by the shadows of the past.

STÉPHANE LAUSANNE, who interviewed M. Citroen, the distinguished French automobile engineer and manufacturer, upon his return from the United States, says he described Henry Ford as 'a combination of Jules Verne and Edison,' who has wrought miracles possible in America but impossible in France. Commenting upon our quantity production, he observed: —

> There are twelve million automobiles in the United States, but they are still a new thing, and the American public loves novelties. They can be obtained immediately, and the American public likes to have things at once. Americans do not want to wait five or six years for a delivery.

THE English press notes with alarm the decline of Protestantism in Ireland. Ninety per cent of the Protestants in the Free State — excluding the Presbyterians of North Ireland — belong to the Church of Ireland or to the Methodist Church. Methodist statistics show heavy decreases in membership in all the southern cities, but an increase of nearly one thousand in Belfast. This decline, according to British press comments, is not due to spiritual indifference, but to the disordered state of the country, which has forced hundreds of people to migrate to North Ireland, England, and overseas.

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THE SITUATION IN IRELAND

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

From the *Manchester Guardian, April* 16, 17, 19
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

MY belief is that there is little solidity behind the resistance to the Free State. Then why has the Free State Government found it so difficult to restore order? Many causes seem to be operative.

'The position of the Free State Government is morally weak,' says an old Sinn Feiner. 'Most of the members of the present Government have used much the same arguments as are now being used by the activist Republicans. Even the argument from majority rule is not safe for us. In the old days we had the general sympathy of the country in regard to our objective, but only a small minority heartily approved our methods. So now the Republicans can argue that the real desire of the people is for a Republic and that they have as much right as we had to make war upon "England's agents" and to terrorize cowardly "neutrals." The fact is that in the old days we said a little more than we thought and we condoned acts that were not defensible. Now the Free State Government has to pay the penalty. It must move very cautiously.'

'The present Government is so very unpopular,' say others. It is true that the Government is unpopular, at least in Dublin. But that is not entirely the fault of the Government, and I should not be surprised if twenty years hence the present Government is remembered as the least unpopular of Dublin Governments. For Dublin is critical, suspicious, and cynical enough to paralyze any Government that has its seat in the city. It is hard to see why the present Government should be exceptionally unpopular. Almost everyone admits that it is straight and that it has shown a great deal of patience, except in the matter of the reprisals executions. It is criticized, however, on the ground that it has not shown the qualities of leadership.

As an example of this, people cite the Government's failure to organize and arm the civil population for the purpose of discouraging the practice of using revolvers or high explosives as arguments in political and social controversies. Seeing how few the activist Republicans are, and how little sympathy they now command, one is apt to believe that this nuisance might have been easily suppressed, at least in the towns, if the Government had appealed for aid to the householders. But human nature, or at least Irish nature, is very tolerant of all nuisances except organization, and if you question the average householder you find little enthusiasm for the idea of local self-defense.

The Republicans in the towns have had sense enough to avoid striking at anyone except those who take an active part in supporting the Government or criticizing the Republicans. The average citizen knows that he can purchase comparative immunity by maintaining a neutral attitude. True, you may be shot by accident in the streets. But that risk is, after all, small, and it is accepted with creditable equanimity. 'Better be dead than be frightened,'

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said a lady who had taken her children to a matinée while revolvers and machine-guns were at work in the neighborhood.

Probably it was a knowledge of the difficulty of organizing the townsman that made the Government decide to work entirely through the army. The decision would be less criticized were it not for the army's shortcomings. The old Sinn Fein army was quite an efficient guerrilla force. But a guerrilla army is a very bad agent for catching guerrillas, and the Free State forces are still in the early stages of the process of transforming themselves from guerrillas into a regular army.

There are many who contend that the chief difficulty in restoring order arises from the presence of those one hundred thousand young men — be the number more or less — who would have emigrated to America during the last eight years had it not been for the prohibition on emigration. 'A fertile and sparsely inhabited country like Ireland ought easily to have absorbed this addition to its labor force, but from lack of organization, education, and stable conditions it has entirely failed to do so.' So says a banker who has made a study of Irish economics.

Certainly everybody in the town and in the country agrees that the bulk of the Republican forces is now made up of young men who have no chance of getting a job which can fairly be considered preferable to that of a Republican soldier. And the longer the fighting goes on, the less chance there is of a decent means of livelihood being found for these men. This is the clearest instance of the way the forces of disorder, once let loose, tend to gather momentum.

But it is by no means the only one. Professional men are withholding their income tax because they are not compelled to pay, because they hear their neighbors are not paying, because they are getting no protection in return for their taxes. Farmers have been withholding their rents, and they are not quite sure that they want to see law and order restored till they have got a guaranty that they will not have to pay up the arrears. Agricultural laborers are quite ready to make common cause with the Republicans, since they think that they may thereby be put in a position to overawe the farmer or to get hold of a piece of land. Railway workers are not very keen about the restoration of stable conditions, since they know that these will bring with them a cut in their wages which is overdue.

I have heard men contend that for this reason it will take at least a generation to restore stable conditions, but I cannot believe it when I remember that this is a small island, that the most numerous section of the population are steady, conservative farmers, and that these men are beginning to realize that the interruption of communications and the demoralization of labor are costing them more than their rent.

'If they would go up to the mountains and fight it out decent I would n't mind. But they've no right to be interfering with the traffic and the business of the country.' That is a young Sinn Fein farmer who was on the run up to the truce and is still withholding his rent.

'What's the cause of all this trouble?' 'It's the boys and girls pampered up with wee bits of paper and things wrote on them.' That is the pronouncement of a Catholic woman of the working class. Cross-examination showed that what she had in mind was the Irish history taught in certain schools and the propagandist literature with which that teaching is supplemented.

Her diagnosis is not very far from the conclusion I arrived at after talking

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to some half-a-dozen activist Republicans, men and women. My friends were, I think, fairly representative of the best and most formidable element in activist Republicanism, the solid core which has surrounded itself with that queer conglomerate of romantic boys and girls, disappointed place-hunters, and simple, guileless robbers. They were all of them up to, and some of them well above, the average in character and intellect. Only one of them could be even suspected of a tendency to hysterics. Anyone must admire them for their courage, their loyalty to the cause, and their single-mindedness. But there is such a thing as too much single-mindedness, and it seemed to me that no one but a victim of propagandist education had a right to be quite so single-minded as were these activists.

The gist of our discussion was as follows. I put it to them that I could understand a man preferring an independent Republic to the Free State, but I could not understand how a Republican minority was justified in using rifles to persuade the Free State majority to change its mind. Here they all broke in, pointing out that 'there is no majority for the Free State as against the Republic. There is only a majority for the Free State as against a war with England.' Admitting that this is so, I ask whether the majority had not every right to choose the Free State in preference to a war with England. I say I can understand the minority refusing to coöperate in the new State, declining to pay taxes, even carrying on the war against England on their own account, but I cannot see what right they have to use force against a majority of their fellow countrymen.

Here the milder sort drift into the well-known theological argument from the broken pact and the apostolic succession of presidents and dails, and claim that the people have never voted on the treaty, that the Republic has never been lawfully disestablished, and that its army could not but resist when attacked. I reply that whether the country was ever allowed to vote on the treaty or not, at least it succeeded in making it plain that it wanted to vote for the treaty; and that it still would do so is not seriously disputed, and indeed is admitted by the question 'Is the majority always right?' which Republican propagandists are forever scrawling upon Dublin walls. I would like to know whether the Republicans would consider themselves bound by a plebiscite if it were held? Even the mildest of my friends answered that 'they would not be bound unless the threat of war were removed.' In other words, the majority is not entitled to make peace while a minority is entitled to declare war. For all admit that it was a very small minority that approved the original decision to make war on England.

But this doctrine presents no difficulty at all to the fiercer Republicans. Three out of my six pointed out that it was a mere corollary following directly from the proposition that the materialist majority are sheep who must be driven by the minority of energetic idealists. Two of them implied that rifles might be used to persuade the sheep to 'go where the green fields are.' The third said it outright.

I was better able to appreciate the colossal impudence of these idealists after I had talked to a few of the sheep whom the energetic minority is trying to drive. The sheep are strong farmers, laborers, and so forth. They have not many ideas in politics beyond law and order and the tenant's right to purchase his land at a favorable price. But, for all that, they are highly intelligent men and, to put it mildly, they know quite as much about life and are quite as

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well able to understand what makes for human happiness as the shepherds who want to drive them into a war with England 'so as to get finished with the fighting once for all.'

Indeed, after seven years' fighting these shepherds themselves seem to have very few ideas left beyond the use of force. Two out of my six asked what could a minority do except use force if it was sure it was right. I suggested the refusal to coöperate in the Free State and peaceful persuasion. They 'had not thought of that before, and besides, it was not suitable to Irish nature.'

Two others upheld the view that any principle for which men are prepared to fight and die must be right and must be worth fighting for. 'If the other side is also prepared to die for its principle?' 'Why, that's impossible. They can't really believe in it.' In short, they are eager to die for Ireland and are ready regretfully to face the necessity of killing any number of their fellow countrymen in the process. They have no idea of its being more important to live and let live for Ireland.

When I asked about negotiations or compromise, the answer I usually got was 'no lasting peace can be based on a compromise.' 'Let England recognize the Republic and then there will be peace.'

The supporters of the Free State they regard as agents of England who may be treated as the R. I. C. were treated. They admit that years of guerrilla warfare have hardened them, and they think less of human life than they used to. One argument for the necessity of maintaining the Republic is that 'we shot so many as traitors and spies in the Republic's name. Are we now to write ourselves down as murderers by admitting that it is not worth the shedding of blood?' One man, the most materialistic among these idealists, admitted that he had thought of passive resistance to the Free State. 'But the boys would not part with the rifle. It had grown like a friend to them. They felt they owed it all they had won, and there was nothing but it to win the rest for them.'

It is, of course, not only among the Republicans that this hardening is apparent. On the Free State side, too, there is more talk of blood and iron than one cares to hear. And the blood and iron does not end in talk.

All Ireland appears to be divided into three parts — Regular country, Irregular country, and Ulster. Ulster we may put aside for the present. Regular country is the country occupied by the Free State troops. It comprises the low country and the towns. The mountainous regions are for the most part Irregular.

The country from Limerick to Tralee is fairly typical of the Regular area. Irregularities are here much less frequent than in Dublin. You might live a lifetime in Tralee and not hear a shot fired. But the marks of what has been and may be again are everywhere visible. The faces of the town clocks still record the hour at which they were put out of action by Free State or Irregular bullets. The military barracks are in ruins, the jails are packed with prisoners and fortified with barbed-wire entanglements. Nearly every village boasts of a police barracks burned out by the I. R. A. or a creamery or cottage blown up by the Black-and-Tans.

The larger railway-stations show a guard of Free State soldiers squatting behind sandbags. Here and there your train slows down to pass a temporarily repaired breach in the line, with perhaps a derelict engine lying at the bottom of the embankment. And now and then it comes to your notice that Irregularities are still occurring. Once we were told that the train that preceded

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ours had been fired at. At another place the main road had been blocked by an obstruction for over a fortnight. It was rumored that the obstruction contained a trap mine. No one had yet had the curiosity to test the truth of the rumor.

Here are a few miscellaneous observations made during a month spent in touring in the South of Ireland. They may help to give a fair idea of the state of the country.

I have a journey of fifty minutes before me. The train is an hour late in starting and we take two and a half hours more in covering the distance. The delay is partly explained by the fact that twelve telegraph poles have been sawed through six miles out of the town.

We take a repair gang with us and drop them at the spot to replace the posts. No soldiers are left for their protection. Evidently it is assumed that the mischief-makers will not venture to show up by day.

A mile farther on we go slow over a newly repaired bridge. Another mile or so and we pass half-a-dozen carriages which have long lain derelict at the foot of the embankment. At the next station the guard comes round and tells us that, since we are so late, the train will go to Maryborough instead of Carlow as originally planned. Another train for Carlow will come along later to pick up anyone who is really particular about his destination. It is a matter of indifference to me, as I get out before the junction. I am, therefore, free to admire the equanimity with which the Carlovingians receive the announcement.

Arriving at my friend's house, I hear a shot, and hope he has not been getting into trouble. A hasty look round relieves my anxiety. A Free State sentry has been showing off his shooting at the expense of a sea gull. Another day I see an armored car let fly at the rooks on a ploughed field. 'That's all the good they're for,' remarks a passing laborer.

Again I pass some recruits on a route march. One of them is amusing himself throwing up his rifle and catching it. But in the whole month I have not seen a soldier drunk, and everyone admits that the conduct of the men is astonishingly good considering that they have as yet no tradition of respect for their officers.

In another county I met a teacher who had been driven by the house shortage to occupy a big house two miles outside the town. For economy and safety he deemed it wise to share the house with a co-tenant, a Dissenting minister. One night three young men knocked and demanded a subscription in the name of the Republic. The teacher was able to produce a proclamation by a high Republican authority declaring these nocturnal collections to be unauthorized and prohibited.

The young men then explained that it was not so much that they were Republicans but that they objected to caste differences. It was not fair that he should be living in a big house and they in small ones. He must pay over some money to compensate. My friend refused, so these social democrats fired a Verey pistol in at an open window and set a curtain alight. They then went round to the minister's side of the house and obtained admission there.

The minister appeared inclined to submit meekly, but Dissenting ministers are bad, treacherous men. The innocent and unsuspecting robbers were moving trustfully about the house when the man that carried the pistol suddenly found himself on his back at the bottom of a flight of stairs and the minister in possession of the pistol. The three were then told that they

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were an incompetent crew and sent home with their tails between their legs.

The household lived safely on the prestige acquired by this exploit till the minister was called away. Since then the teacher has had two of his pupils out staying with him. One is a Republican, the other a Free Stater, so whichever army appears he has always one boy ready to negotiate and the other in reserve to fight. I found another household protected on a similar plan. The maidservant had one brother a private in the Republican army and the other a lieutenant in the Free State army. The Republican, by the way, was kind enough to write to his sister to warn the brother that he should apply for a transfer as X town was going to be no place for a man that wanted a quiet life.

Only yesterday I was again in Waterford looking for a train to Wexford. Experience has taught me that it is better to make inquiries on the spot rather than to trust to time-tables. So I went to the station and found a porter who was evidently enjoying the uncertainties of life.

'There'll be a train starting for Wexford to-morrow morning 7.30 A.M., sure enough. We have her in now.' 'Any train in the afternoon?' 'Well, there might be one. We got her off at 4 P.M. to-day.' 'What time had I better be down to get her?' 'Oh, it would be hard to say that.' 'Shall I be sure of getting her if I come down at one o'clock?' 'Oh, you will that. We could n't get her off before she come in and she's not due till 12.30.' 'How many hours will she take to get to Wexford?' 'She's timed for two hours, but she took five and one half the day.' 'You 're still getting breaks on the line then, are you?' 'You may say that. The Dublin train was four hours late this day. They had a chair lifted at Ballyragget.' 'Well, if I come down at two o'clock to-morrow you think I'll be safe not to miss the train for Wexford?' 'Well, she's not expected to start before that, but you may take it from me, sir, it's the unexpected that generally happens on this line.'

After this interview I was more ready to believe a friend who told me that he and his pony raced the Wexford train last week and beat her by an hour and a half. The trade revival in Ireland has begun, but it has still some difficulties to contend with.

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CONVERGING PATHS

BY FRANCESCO COPPOLA

From *Politica, March* 31
(Rome Political Review)

During the last months the question of Franco-Italian relations has again been brought forward. In Italy it was the *Messagero* which first openly declared itself in favor of the 'closest possible economic agreement,' an opinion which was emphatically echoed in France by *Temps*, *Matin*, *Figaro*, and many others. Most of the other Italian and French journals, and even official agencies in Italy, France, England, and Germany, later joined in the discussion until an official statement by the Italian Government put an end to it.

Two conclusions should be drawn from all this. First, that the Ruhr problem is a European, and not merely a Franco-German, issue, which cannot fail to influence Franco-Italian relations in some degree; second, that the respective positions of France and Italy in the political and economic equilibrium of Europe and the whole world are so disproportionate that both nations are instinctively conscious of the fact and are making efforts, from time to time, to reach some solution of the problem — a solution which will be difficult to find in programmes and platforms but which sooner or later will inevitably be brought about.

The view of the *Messagero* can be summarized thus: France came out of the World War with an increased importance in the European balance of power, and with a still more considerable colonial aggrandizement and growth in natural resources, to which latter she is presently going to add the Ruhr Basin. It must be remembered that the Ruhr Basin has well nigh a continental monopoly over iron, coal, and phosphates. France, however, is short of the man-power needed to reënforce her European strongholds, to develop her colonies and increase their value, to take full advantage of her natural resources, to reconstruct her devastated regions, in short, to cultivate all of her national field.

We in Italy derived no advantage from the Peace of Versailles; we obtained neither colonies nor natural resources; and upon our narrow and impoverished land we still have an overflowing and steadily increasing wealth of precisely that human force which France so badly lacks. Consequently we shall be able to lend our people to France with the object of developing her territorial acquisitions in exchange for a share in her natural resources.

Such an agreement would be purely economic, says the *Messagero*. However, the French journals retorted that it should be a political agreement even more than an economic agreement — and we cannot deny that the French are right. Indeed, it seems absurd to think of international relations as economic relations only — as relations that do not presuppose and do not automatically generate political relations. It seems even more absurd to think of economics as an aim and of politics as a means — a way of thinking which often prevails in our country, and which seems a survival of materialistic positivism, now obsolete. In

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truth, politics must come first, as the last ten centuries of history have demonstrated to the French.

What, then, would be the political results of an economic agreement such as the one proposed? Surely we shall not send our peasants to cultivate French soil. The second, at any rate the third, generation of these colonists would become French; and thus the whole thing would amount to a mere transfer of our man-power, which is our only wealth, from Italy to France. We should help the French to take full advantage of their natural wealth, but the sources of this wealth would still belong to France. Such a situation would be equivalent, in times of peace, to Italy's paying a regular tribute to France, and in war it would result in our complete dependence on the good pleasure of France for coal, iron, and phosphates.

What else could such an arrangement mean than a strengthening of a peace settlement that gave a great deal to France and nothing to Italy? Our suffocating political inferiority would be fixed forever — not only objectively, but subjectively as well — in the minds of our own people. Such an outlet for our emigration might very unfortunately serve to quench that tragic but powerfully dynamic thirst of our people for expansion upon a soil of their own, and especially Mediterranean soil — a thirst which to-day is our greatest torment but also the strongest element in our national progress. Consequently, *politique d'abord*, not only for France but for ourselves as well.

For France a purely economic agreement of this sort, forcibly allying Italy to her interests, would mean an automatic guaranty against the ever-present incubus of German revenge. A rapprochement with Russia, at the same time, which some French journals keep discussing in spite of official statements to the contrary, would completely isolate England in the Levant and Germany in Europe. 'Peace cannot be assured to Europe until France and Russia begin to understand each other again,' says *Le Temps;* the same thing has been said of France and England, France and the Little Entente, France and Italy; but all this would mean a French peace for Europe.

The truth is, either a genuine Franco-Italian understanding is possible outside the limits of a purely economic agreement, or no understanding whatever is possible. We may conclude various economic agreements; but the general relations between our two countries cannot and should not be regulated otherwise than by a consideration of political aims and by constantly adopting political standpoints. This, in turn, brings up the question of the coinciding — or diverging — future historic interests of France and Italy.

Among the victors in the Great War there are two gigantic intercontinental Powers: the United States of America and Great Britain, both of whom waxed greater as a result of the war, both of whom aspire to world-hegemony which they have already largely realized. Among the vanquished, on the other hand, there is the formidable Teutonic force — beaten, disarmed, mutilated, and compressed, but not destroyed; a force that is passionately waiting and preparing for revenge, and that will sooner or later renew its weighty pressure upon the Rhine and the Alps, toward the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. Again, there is the enormous Russian Empire, Eurasian as it is, defeated and prostrate to-day but destined sooner or later to become aggressive again, terrific in the strength of its Asiatic alliances, and to compete in the European and world struggle for

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power. Moreover, there is Islam in its national, revolutionary, and fanatical revival, fretting and fermenting from Morocco to India against the predominance of the West. Finally, there is a more or less concrete German-Bolshevist-Islamic coalition, aiming not only to drive Europe out of Asia and Africa but to beleaguer her, so to speak, in her own positions, enclosing her in a semicircle from Riga — or even from Hamburg — down to Tangiers. To France, as well as to Italy, any of these tremendous forces, agglomerations of forces, represents more than a political, economic, and military force, whether friendly or otherwise. Each of them represents a mentality, a culture, a moral, religious, and social hierarchy — in short a civilization — entirely alien to that one which Italy and France may be said to possess in common.

Against these forces it is the task of France and Italy to defend not only themselves but the culture of old continental Europe, of Latin Europe. In Europe proper they must guard against a German revival and Bolshevism; in the Mediterranean they must defend the Italian and French positions against the growing Islamic revolution, as well as against the hegemony of an extra-Mediterranean Power which controls a goodly portion of the Mediterranean shores, nearly all of its strategic positions and all the ports. None of these forces could be resisted by France or Italy alone; they will find it hard enough together. These are the common interests which demand their union.

But besides these there exist individual French and Italian interests. Those of France are predominantly conservative. France has partly inherited from her own great past and partly acquired as a result of the World War a predominant political, economic, and imperial position which is absolutely out of proportion to her intrinsic strength — especially to the density of her population. This position is now menaced by stronger peoples growing fast around her own immobility, and most of all by the future German peril which, as she knows very well, she cannot resist alone. The whole French policy ever since the signing of the Armistice has been nothing else than a series of attempts to set herself free from this incubus. Such was the abortive attempt at securing an Anglo-Saxon 'guaranty.' Such was the anti-German system of the Polish alliance and the Little Entente, which proved manifestly insufficient and has also nearly failed by this time. The same may be said of the unsuccessful attempt at a dismemberment of Germany; the 'Reparations' — an instrument of war-time in time of peace; the occupation of the Rhineland; the progressive 'sanctions'; finally, the violent invasion of the Ruhr Basin. In all of these attempts France displayed admirable sureness of instinct, inflexible will, lucidity of historic vision, and national discipline; but it was an historic necessity that all of these attempts should fail.

In the present balance of power Italy, on the other hand, occupies an equally disproportionate place; but it is a disproportion exactly opposite to that of France. Her land is too small, too narrowly confined, and too poor to satisfy her vital necessities and to correspond to the growth of her population. She inherited no great past, as her history for centuries back has been one of disunion and servitude; and out of the Great War she got little or nothing. The thirty-nine million French people live on a territory of five hundred and fifty thousand kilometres, one of the most fertile lands in Europe, which includes most of the European iron and a great portion of the Euro-

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pean coal. The forty million Italians live upon a territory of three hundred and ten thousand kilometres of land that does not bear any iron or coal and includes large tracts of mountains and swamps. Besides this, France has twelve million kilometres of colonial land with over fifty million subjects upon it — without counting Syria. Italy has two million kilometres of colonies with a million and a half subjects.

Again, while France has her Atlantic shore, Italy is the only Great Power entirely limited by the Mediterranean. All or nearly all of her food supplies come to her by the way of the Mediterranean. Her most important communications with the outside world, her emigration, her trade, her expansion, go by the way of that sea to which her whole fate is inseparably wedded. And yet, practically all of the Mediterranean shores and strategic points that are not held by Great Britain are in the possession of France! Hundreds of thousands of Italians, to be sure, live outside of Italy upon the shores of the Mediterranean, but they live under foreign sovereigns: in Dalmatia, in Constantinople, in Smyrna, in Palestine and Egypt. Over a hundred and fifty thousand of them living between Algiers and Morocco have already been forcibly denationalized under the premeditated French system of absorption, and another hundred and thirty thousand struggle desperately against this same denationalization in Tunisia, which they have developed and enriched by their labors.

France to-day does not possess sufficient man-power to provide for her own security, to populate her empire, to realize her natural riches; Italy, on the other hand, lacks sufficient territory to assure her effective independence, to house and feed her own people. For the last fifty years millions of Italians have been scattering to all corners of the world, to enrich other lands with their labor. And for a still longer future time they will be doomed to continue being scattered unless the actual international balance, especially the imperial balance of power around the Mediterranean, is changed. Consequently, while France's interests are chiefly conservative, Italy's interests are expansive and dynamic above all.

Three circumstances favor the gratification of Italian desires: first, the growing population; second, her greater political liberties; third, the downfall of Austria-Hungary, the hereditary enemy. The Italian people, moreover, are clearly conscious of the need for expansion.

Will it be possible for the French conservative interests and the Italian expansionists to become conciliated in an ordinary alliance? Evidently not. Either France would have to despoil herself graciously of a part of her territorial riches — especially colonial ones — in favor of Italy; or else Italy, in her utter poverty, should consent to feed, to develop, to serve French territories with the labor of her growing population. Both suggestions are absurd. Such an agreement would admit of only two historic developments, either war in a not distant future, or some form of union which would subdue the terms of the previous alliance and place the divergent interests in genuine accord.

Is such an alliance possible to-day? Not yet. Above all, it is at present opposed by psychological reasons, reasons of mentality and temperament which it would be wrong to consider as of secondary importance, for they are more decisive than any other motives. Victims of anachronistic opinions which originated at a time when France really was the dominating Power of Europe, the French people

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still refuse to admit that they have ceased to be the chief actors on the stage. They will not yet acknowledge the real importance of their competitors. Still less are they ready to recognize that they need Italy, and that the Italian people are their equals in all respects. On the other hand, the Italian people, united during the last sixty years into a State which grew to be a Great Power, have conquered in the Great War their external enemy, Austria-Hungary, and within their own country have defeated the age-old spirit of servitude; and they are now too proudly conscious of their growing strength and of their future glory to admit so much as a supposition of their inferiority to France.

Perhaps what is impossible to-day will become possible to-morrow. In order to insure herself against the ever-present Teutonic danger, which is at present the central motive force of French policy and history, France has had ever since the Armistice the choice of three ways: the Anglo-American 'guaranty' — or at least the English one; the radical destruction of the German State, not to speak of German strength; or else, solidarity with Italy. The first way implied effective subordination on the part of France, and servitude on the part of the rest of Europe. But this proposition was obstinately opposed by Clemenceau and Briand from 1918 up to 1922, and has finally failed. The second resort, in which Marshal Foch failed in the Armistice and the Peace of Versailles, is to-day being striven for by Poincaré, who carried the war into the Ruhr.

Whatever temporary political success may fall to this enterprise, it will eventually fail. Let us, then, allow it to run its course to the end without displaying any vain impatience. When the failure of the Ruhr adventure becomes apparent and indisputable, France will turn to her third choice. Not before then — but this day is nearer than perhaps is thought. Will she turn to us in a proper state of mind, properly appreciative of Italy's real value and conscious of the necessity of having her either as an ally or as an enemy?

Then, and not before then, with that consciousness of the inevitable, will she ask for our 'guaranty.' And then we shall give it to her, with a clear understanding and a Roman spirit. The Rome of Cæsar, Germanicus, and Caligula will then become again, as it did two thousand years ago, the arbiter in the struggle of the Gauls and the Germans over the Rhine — that is to say, arbiter of European continental policies. Not until then will the real historic Franco-Italian problem be solved. We shall solve it from the shores of the Mediterranean, where France will no longer be able to stand systematically in the way of our life and our power, allied as they will be to her own life. We shall solve the problem of European equilibrium, for the sake of which France, reassured by the guaranty of the forty million Italians ready to stand by her side in case of danger, will no longer see any necessity or find any pretext to seek equivocal alliances with small nations or coalitions of small Powers. We shall together solve also the problems of colonies, of iron ore, and of coal mines.

Until that day there is only one sane policy possible for Italy: to wait stoically, defending zealously our own liberty, and re-creating, intensifying, and disciplining our military strength and our international might. The stronger we are, the more decisive a factor solidarity with us will become for others. After all, there is not a single problem that will not be first of all a problem of strength.

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THE BIG ENTENTE AND THE LITTLE ENTENTE

From *Pester Lloyd, April 6*
(BUDAPEST GERMAN-HUNGARIAN DAILY)

THE Allied and Associated Powers achieved extraordinary results in the World War, but since they dissolved their imposing coalition into the Entente and the Little Entente many a mischance has befallen them. It is true that from time to time it has been announced in the principal cities of the West and East that the states and peoples bound in these alliances were as much united as they ever were, but these more or less official assurances did not convince anybody, not even those who gave them out. Realities speak too loudly and show too clearly that harmony between the once victorious Allies now leaves a great deal to be desired.

No one can deny that it was America that brought about the decision in the World War. If ever a Power had the right to insist that its demands should be listened to, it was the United States, even if those desires served selfish interests and followed egoistic aims. Yet that was not the case. As the most recent publication of Wilson's memoirs shows, the United States, even at the time of the peace conference, had bent the bow too tensely, and Wilson's sickness alone is responsible for the sharper (nay, even the very sharpest) tone that triumphed.

What a tragic confession Wilson's revelations constitute! They let us understand why Americans want nothing more to do with Europe and especially nothing more with France. This indifference toward their former French companions in arms is in general developing into a harsher attitude, and the reception which the dismal tidings from the Ruhr met on the other side of the ocean indicates that the sympathy of former years is no more. America has drawn out of the great alliance, and all the siren voices are of no avail. The United States remains cold toward them. America wants nothing more to do with Europe and will not longer coöperate.

Even England and Italy have at length ceased to be all fire and flame in their enthusiasm for a coalition of the Powers that once was held as a new holy alliance. Since Mussolini has been at the helm, Italy has taken no more than a Platonic share, so to speak, in all the measures that have been initiated by France. In the conflict over the Ruhr this became painfully obvious. As a concession to the desires of France and Belgium, Italy placed a few engineers at the disposal of the two states; but she made it emphatic that these Italian specialists were to stay distinctly in the background and take only a passive part in the proceedings, so that nothing more has been heard of them.

Mussolini had quite another end in view in his foreign politics than the annihilation of Germany. He frankly wished to substitute a compromise between France and Germany for the present purposeless and harmful campaign of invasion. But he avoided the direct initiative since he was coming into conflict with French foreign policy in another field. Paris attached the greatest importance to furthering the endeavors of the Little Entente. Italy, on the other hand, had so far blocked the so-called Slavic corridor, and the

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agreement between Austria and Italy which had been reached during Dr. Seipel's recent visit to Rome appeared to have ended this plan forever.

Nevertheless the conflict of interests between France and Italy has not on that account reached such a point as the conflict in the relations between Great Britain and France has done to-day. The differences between France and England with regard to foreign politics in the West are quite as thoroughgoing as those in the East. The aspirations of the two states in the Orient, as everybody knows, have been in sharp contrast for a long time. So far as the West was concerned, the English Government was simply repeating itself, though in thoroughly diplomatic form, in expressing its objections to the manner in which France carried out her policy in the Ruhr. With little hesitation the English opposition gave utterance to the same opinions, and all parties of the English House of Commons, from the influential Labor Party to Asquith's wing of the Liberals and Lloyd George's almost Liberal section, are united in believing that the methods employed by France in the Ruhr are a failure and can ultimately end only in a check.

Lloyd George, indeed, has said as much in his series of articles; and it is clear that now when the contents of Wilson's memoirs are generally known, and the newspaper articles of the former Prime Ministers Lloyd George and Francisco Nitti are available, there can be no further doubt that among the four representatives of the most influential Powers three statesmen of the rank of Wilson, Lloyd George, and Nitti interpreted the Treaty of Peace in a way quite different from Poincaré.

It is no wonder, then, that there is genuine ill-humor in influential French political circles. This came to light only a short time ago in a malicious article directed against England that can be traced back to the initiative of the French Foreign Office. The reverberations that this article aroused in London and the threatening speeches in the English House of Commons, however, induced the hot-heads in France to mix a little water with their wine.

A compromise was sought, and as a result the French Premier *in spe*, Loucheur, went to England and had a conference with Lloyd George; and the result of this journey to the man who a little while before had been attacked and reviled is that this temporary statesman — stopped talking in Parliament. What promises Lloyd George received and whether a new and more reasonable policy toward Germany will come into effect remains to be seen. If this is the case, France and Europe may become peaceful.

To-day France can no longer rely on powerful allies as she could during the war. Belgium alone stands by her through thick and thin. Even the Little Entente will no longer obey orders, and this may on the one hand be traced to its lack of unity and on the other hand to its weakness. The bonds that unite these little states and that were to continue to unite them are steadily growing looser. Poland is not flourishing, Austria has already lost her prosperity, Rumania has troubles of her own, and though tidings of the outbreak of revolution are exaggerated, nevertheless 'something is rotten in the State of Denmark' — perhaps a good deal. There is a gloomy satisfaction for Hungary in the sobering-down of the Rumanians of the Siebenbürgen district who formerly could not complain enough of 'Magyar tyranny,' but who now have to endure such a brutal rule that they sigh for the good old days of union with Hungary.

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The Croats present the same picture, who for a long time were all anxiety for their 'liberation,' but who now are tearing themselves loose from Serbia and want to secure autonomy through revolution — exactly the kind of autonomy that they had before under the Hungarian crown, but which they did not know how to appreciate. To-day for the first time they know what they have lost. However, it need not be pointed out that neither Rumania nor Yugoslavia is able, under these conditions, to display much strength or force in foreign affairs. They have their hands too full with their domestic difficulties — political, economic, and social — to be able to represent elements of strength in the Little Entente.

There remains Czechoslovakia, and in spite of her economic significance even this state stands on by no means firm ground. The Czechs had too big an appetite. Their country could not absorb extended territories and enormous minorities. It is only too intelligible, therefore, that President Masaryk is thinking of an agreement with Hungary, and in discussion of public affairs is suggesting now here, now there, a serious rectification of the frontiers.

Just as France can no longer rely wholly and entirely upon the Entente, so Czechoslovakia can no longer support herself by means of the Little Entente. Cracks and crevices are to be seen everywhere. Political wisdom, therefore, urges all the statesmen of the Little Entente to seek an agreement with Hungary, and to have done at least with the system of pin pricks such as the recent proceedings in Rumania and the present arrests of Hungarian travelers in Yugoslavia. Hungary's neighboring states need peace as much as we do, and it is really high time for it if the divisions in the Entente and the Little Entente are to bring the participating states to practical results and are to mature into a cordial understanding.

Before everything else, however, our neighboring states must in their own interests no longer harshly put off Hungary's legitimate ambitions, but, submitting them to a fair test, bring them to completion. Not the defeated states alone, but the Entente and the Little Entente as well, have bitter need of peace — the genuine kind.

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THE SOVIETS AND THE PEASANTS

BY KARL RADEK

[This article by the redoubtable Bolshevist master of propaganda appears apropos of the recent Red Conference at Frankfort.]

From *Die Rote Fahne, April* 19
(Berlin Official Communist Daily)

For the first time since the revolution, the representatives of the Russian workers and peasants assemble to discuss the questions of their struggle without the participation of their sorely stricken comrade Lenin, who has showed them the way to battle and to victory. This fact lies like a cloud over the spirits of the party's members; yet never has the situation of the Soviet Republic and the task of the Russian Communist Party been so clear as at the present moment. And never before have the responsible representatives of the Russian Communist Party found it so easy to reach an agreement with regard to the course which the ship of the Communist Party must hold over the waves of revolution. Realities speak an unmistakable idiom.

The Congress meets in an international situation which tells the Russian workers clearly that the way of the Soviet Power and of the Russian Communist Party was the only right one. When the former meeting of the Communists gathered, the congress of the representatives of the bourgeois Governments, which was devoted to the subject of the revival of the world's economic system, was just beginning in Genoa. With the farsightedness that is characteristic of him, Comrade Lenin declared to the Eleventh Congress that the Genoa Conference, which had been loudly heralded by the press of the international bourgeoisie, sought to impose a new burden under the guise of world economic restoration; that they would demand that Soviet Russia should impose this burden upon the shoulders of the workmen and the peasants, which would make it possible for the international bourgeoisie to fix their mastery upon the whole world. Comrade Lenin showed that the international bourgeoisie was divided against itself into struggling parts capable of common exploitation of the workers but incapable of restoring the shattered economic system of the world. A year has passed since the Genoa Conference. Its hero, Lloyd George, now has leisure to write long articles about the harmfulness of the Versailles Treaty — which, be it said by the way, was the work of his own hands — and moreover to contend that the war may lead to the downfall of Europe.

Not only was there no agreement between international capital and Soviet Russia in Genoa and The Hague, but the greatest capitalist states in the world, as the events of the Ruhr make perfectly clear, were in no position to come to agreement among themselves, in order to restore the world's trade and to build it up on a capitalistic basis. When they called the Genoa Conference the capitalist lords cherished the hope that hunger would compel Soviet Russia to capitulate and to

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impose a heavy burden on the Russian laboring classes, in order to secure the necessary credit. The harvest of the year 1922 and the measures taken by the Soviet régime against the famine make it possible for them to refuse all demands of the Allies.

Soviet Russia declared herself ready for great sacrifices in order to secure from foreign capital the means for the speediest possible restoration of the Russian national economic system and the alleviation of the situation of the workers and peasants. It declined, however, to sell its birthright for a mess of pottage consisting of vague promises and to accept conditions that would burden the workers of Russia heavily for generations to come. Soviet Russia will wait until international capital convinces itself that the Soviets are not frightened by the financial blockade and will not sacrifice the fundamental strength of the October Revolution.

Soviet Russia was not inclined to hand back the factories and industrial plants into the private ownership of foreign capitalists and to burden the working masses with the Tsarist debts until international capital provided the means to hasten the reconstruction of Russia. But there is no doubt whatever that, if Soviet Russia begins economic revival with her capacities, international capital in its own interests, because of the search for new sources of raw material and new markets for export, will have to make an agreement that is advantageous for the Soviets also.

In spite of its gigantic military superiority, which is assured by its wealth and the tremendous preponderance of its military technique, which is related thereto, international capital has no strength for beginning international meddling anew. A fresh breathing-space is assured Soviet Russia through the quarrels of the international robbers who are making ready for war one against another, and who can come to no agreement and cannot form a single military front against Russia. The war in the Ruhr, the ill-feeling between France and England in Europe, Japanese and American conflict of interests in Eastern Asia, the chaos in China and India — all these are weights of lead upon the feet of international capital.

When, in March of 1921, the Congress of the Party decided to abandon the system of requisition and to levy taxes in kind, — that is, to give the peasants economic freedom and the right to carry on trade with what they produced in excess of their own needs, — this was, to use Comrade Kamenev's striking expression, a renewal on a new basis of the October League between the proletariat and the peasants. In October 1917, the peasants rose with the working class against the Russian and international bourgeoisie and the large landowners, for the working class helped the peasants to get rid of the iron shackles of the World War and to drive the great landowners from the soil. For three years in succession the peasants adhered to this League, helping the working class to defend the Soviet Republic against attacks of the international and the Russian bourgeoisie. When the peasants shed their blood for the leadership of the proletariat, they knew that this blood was the price of keeping the great landowners away from the soil. Vexatious though the policy of requisitions and compulsory contributions was for them, the peasants never refused them, although the proletariat took their crops without complete reimbursement. This furnishing of bread was also part of the price of seizing the land of the gentry.

The wreck of intervention and the victory won in the peasants' war

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against the counter-revolution of the great landowners produced a new situation for the peasants. It was a question whether they would be in a position to work on their own soil or whether the proletariat would attempt to extend by force to the villages the socializing policy which the small peasant-proprietors opposed in spite of all the assurances of the Soviet Republic.

At its Tenth Congress the Communist Party replied to the peasants: 'We do not intend to extend Socialism by force to the villages. That is an impossibility, and we have no such intention whatever. We regard the system of small peasant-proprietors as a backward institution which is not advantageous even for the peasants themselves. But we shall put the question of socializing the villages on the programme for the first time when we are in a position to prove to the peasants with facts that we can help them to a more expedient and advantageous economic system, when we are in a position to give them farm machinery and to relieve them of the heaviest part of farm work by the aid of electricity. Until we reach this stage we pledge ourselves that we will exact from the peasants as taxes only what is necessary for the support of the Red Army which is protecting their soil, and what is absolutely indispensable for the state administration.' The peasant had to make this sacrifice if he did not want to see the return of the power of the great landowners.

The year following the Tenth Congress was one of incredible hardship for the masses of the peasants. They struggled not only against the consequences of the imperialist war and the war of the bourgeoisie, but also against the famine that afflicted Soviet Russia.

But even this famine could not conceal from the peasants the gigantic reality that the new economic policy gave them a chance to escape from misery. The famine never led to a peasants' rising. In 1922 the peasants paid their taxes in kind without necessity for coercive measures. In their attitude toward the taxes in kind they generally showed that they understood the necessity and hoped that the new economic policy would eventually deliver them from their suffering.

The present Party Congress, the twelfth, must pay closest heed to the question of the peasants if we are not to come into a state of selfish dependence upon international capitalists and accept loans from them at usurious rates of interest. For the present the peasants are the most important source for the rehabilitation of heavy industry and they are the chief means for the further development of Soviet Russia.

If anyone fails to understand that the proletariat has no special guilt in treating the question of the land with the greatest heed, and that it must do this in its own interest and to protect its own power in the country, he fails to comprehend the fundamental realities of Russian economic life and the policy of the Russian working class. Those who gossip about a peasant tendency in the Party, and a degeneration of the Russian Communist Party into a Peasants' Party, those who say that the interests of the proletariat are being sacrificed to the interests of the peasants, have already been answered by Comrade Lenin in his article of March 2, in which he said clearly that the poor Russian peasant nag had to be brought out on to a level road.

The attitude toward this unfortunate creature will be determined by the Twelfth Communist Congress in discussing the question of our tax policy toward the village. Our whole system of taxes, manifold in number, bears heavily and abnormally upon the peasants. The Party is looking for a way to

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alleviate this tax burden through a practical study of the question, and they will prove to the peasants that they regard the improvement of the situation of the peasantry as their next task.

This improvement, however, cannot come through reforms of our financial policy alone. It demands still other measures. Most important of these is support of the peasants so far as the increase of the area under cultivation and the strengthening of farming interests is concerned. If the present year gives us a good harvest, another step will be an organization for the export of Russian crops into foreign countries. Otherwise we shall again be faced by a danger of a decrease in our crop area because of the falling of the price of wheat. The export of wheat abroad will lend the peasants the means for the purchase of industrial products, and in this way the improvement of the peasants' situation will be at the same time a means for the further development of industry.

As the Soviet Administration moves along the way to the new economic policy, many are saying that this policy is leading to a break between the Soviet Government of the Russian Communist Party and the working class. To-day, however, it is no longer necessary to prove the baselessness of this opinion. The last celebration of the first of May, the demonstration at the time of the Soviet trials, the fifth anniversary of the October Revolution, and the twenty-fifth anniversary jubilee of the Party — all these clearly show the spontaneous growth of sympathy on the part of the workers outside the Party for the Russian Communist Party. This growth progresses with the improvement of the situation of the peasantry, without which the obvious developments in our light industry during the last year would not have been possible.

DAVEL

BY BENJAMIN VALLOTTON

From *La Semaine Littéraire, April* 21
(GENEVA WEEKLY REVIEW)

ON the morning of October 20, 1670, the names of Abraham, the Patriarch, Daniel, the subduer of lions, and John, the apostle of love, resounded through the vaulted limestone of the church of Morrens, in the district of Vaud, for on that day its preacher, Pastor Davel, baptized his son Jean-Abram-Daniel. At this time the bailiffs of tyrant Berne kept cruel watch over the inhabitants of Vaud, under the motto: Obey and pay or be fined and imprisoned. Even the pastor himself was officially the servant of Their Excellencies first and of Heaven afterward. There seemed to be two species of human beings, those of Berne who might do as they pleased, and the easy-going Vaudois, born to bend their backs.

Jean-Abram-Daniel watched the brigand and the witch pass by in chains, the one to the scaffold and the other to

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the stake. The boy shuddered at the ravens plucking out the eyes of the body hung in chains, and the flames clasping in their torturing embrace the body of the old hag, and he asked: 'Do the Vaudois always go to Hell and never the Bernois?'

When his father, Pastor Davel, died, Jean was but six years of age, and he went with his mother and his four brothers and sisters to live in a small house at Lausanne. He was an excellent scholar and made good progress with his studies, which he brought to a close at Cully, where he studied to be a notary. He was a dreamy youth and loved to take long solitary walks. And often he watched the wine-casks destined for the people of Berne dragged along by the sweating peasants. He did not care about the wine, but he pitied the slaving peasants, and he vowed to himself that some day he would change all that.

One exquisite autumn day the Beautiful Unknown spoke to the heart of the impressionable youth. Who was she — a love affair, a phantom of religious ecstasy? We do not know. She whispered: 'Thou wilt die within three days!' He did not die, however, but had visions of angels, and, like Joan of Arc, he heard voices. And the Beautiful Unknown spoke again: 'Since thou hast escaped death, great things are reserved for thee. Thou shalt be an instrument in the hand of God!'

Seven days the Beautiful Unknown dwelt in the house of Davel and then disappeared. But from that time on Jean was a man apart. He felt himself endowed with new forces, the force of vision and the force of action that henceforth urged him onward to his destiny. Although but a notary the young man felt that he had a mission, written in fire upon his very soul, from which he resolved that nothing should turn him. For thirty years all who knew him were struck by his air of reserve, his extreme reflectiveness, the correctness of his judgment, and by the sang-froid of which he gave proof in critical moments.

Davel, how it matters not, became a soldier, and served for many years in Piedmont, Holland, and France as private, ensign, and so on up to the rank of major. He was always a little mysterious, and kept at a distance the usual pleasures of the camp, such as wine, women, and gambling, showing himself austere without ostentation. He refused to take part in the orgies of his companions, whom he rejoined, however, when the bullets began to whistle. On one occasion he volunteered, with his three hundred men, to take by surprise attack the great Marlborough and Prince Eugene, but this perilous honor was denied him, and he threw up his commission in disgust and returned to his native country, where he immediately became adjutant to Lieutenant-General de Sacconay of the Protestant Army. He distinguished himself both by his personal valor and by his military knowledge, but complained bitterly to his superior of the harsh treatment meted out to the defeated Catholics by the Berne authorities. One fights because one must, but after the battle one should be clement.

On his return to Cully Major Davel reopened his notarial office, becoming at the same time commander of the militia of Lavaux. A stranger to all local quarrels, sober, upright, and just, he exerted a strong influence upon the inhabitants of the wine country, more on account of his character than because of the brilliant uniform which he always wore at church, to do honor to the Most High.

Davel remained a mystic, and he still heard voices speaking to his soul. Under their influence the Major wrote,

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with his thoughts on the Berne authorities, then the tyrannical masters of Vaud: —

'You have made all civil, political, and ecclesiastic officials dependent upon your bailiffs, who are venal in the highest degree. . . . Your bailiffs and your courts of sovereignty increase and busy themselves with charges against towns, public and private persons unnumbered. Each year it is worse. It has got to the point of the most pernicious domination. . . . You have violated your oaths to your subjects. . . .'

Startled, the Major, a disciplined soldier, reread his lines. Were they true? And if so, why not say so? Otherwise the best that could be hoped for was to suffer in silence, and to die like a coward in one's bed. His soul on fire, Davel gradually grew nearer and nearer to action. After many spiritual crises he made a covenant with God. He redoubled the austerity of his daily life. He prayed. He meditated. He felt that he really was 'an instrument of God.' He shed tears — 'tears of joy and ecstasy.'

On Wednesday, the thirty-first of March, 1723, the drums suddenly began to roll in the market place of Cully. The vinedressers were summoned with their equipment — soon five or six hundred startled men stood in line facing the Lake of Geneva. What was the matter? There was murmuring; but such was the authority of their Major that they willingly obeyed his command to follow him on the road to Lausanne, where they arrived with a flourish. This sudden manœuvre stupefied the people of Lausanne and startled the town authorities, who, placed on their guard by the too confiding Davel, took all possible measures to render futile his audacious plan. They parleyed to gain time; they offered a dinner to the one they called among themselves 'the unfortunate': and they encouraged him to talk. But while they smiled falsely upon Davel, they assembled troops which disarmed his Lavaux battalion, and they dispatched to Berne a messenger to assure Their Excellencies of the complete loyalty of their subjects; after which the Lausanne magistrates went peacefully to bed, one of them smilingly wishing the 'traitor' pleasant dreams.

Arrested next morning, Davel expressed no astonishment. He gave up his sword, saying: 'I know I shall be the victim of this affair, but that matters little. Some advantage to my country will accrue.'

How is this divine naïveté of Davel's to be explained? For, though of a child-like character, he was well acquainted with every phase of human nature. Did he really expect that Berne would capitulate at the mere reading of his manifesto? Or that his compatriots would be so inflamed by it as to be ready for the most desperate measures, even for revolt?

It is a fact that he forbade his troops to take ammunition with them, and thus he entered upon a campaign with disarmed combatants. Perhaps he remembered the words of William of Orange: 'Hope is not necessary to begin an enterprise, nor success for perseverance in it.' If the people should rise in revolt, well and good. If not, the offer of one's life for an ideal would give the cause the force which one day would lead on to triumph.

For a fortnight they interrogated the 'traitor,' who named no accomplices except his voices, the echoes of the voice of God. Nobody volunteered to defend him. His plight seemed to arouse no emotion among the people. There was but a single anonymous letter setting forth the Major's many virtues.

No accomplices? Very awkward. The torture then. So they put poor

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Davel to the torture without extracting even a groan. To his judges he said, 'This is painful, of course, but I am sure that you suffer as much as I.' When the military futility of his plan was pointed out, he replied that he had not dared to make any change in his plans, being convinced that 'only the Providence of God could bring light out of the darkness.'

'But,' inquired an ecclesiastic, 'could God counsel a revolt against the established authorities?'

Davel considered a moment, and then replied: 'God, who is the author of all law, can very well grant dispensation to certain persons in certain cases approved by His wisdom, when it is for the benefit of the authorities themselves. Did Abraham hesitate to offer up his only-begotten son just because God had forbidden homicide? If I had resisted my divine summons, I should have lived in torture all the days of my life!'

Davel was condemned to have his hand cut off and afterward to be decapitated; but Their Excellencies remitted the loss of the hand, contenting themselves with directing that his body should be buried under the scaffold and his head nailed above it.

The Major received this sentence with perfect calm from the lips of an ecclesiastic, and said: 'I am much obliged to you, sir, for this agreeable news. I receive it with joy. I am glad to sacrifice to God and to my country a life which I have often risked for a pittance. Death, the king of horrors, has none for me. Pain has but little effect on me, and even if I were subjected to the most terrible sufferings, God would vouchsafe me the power and the patience to endure them.'

They offered him religious consolation. He refused it. 'I need it not. Salvation does not depend alone on the supreme hour.' And when they openly admired his heroism he said: 'I am not a pagan — why then talk to me of heroism?'

At last came the fatal day, April 24, 1723. When they awakened him the Major remarked to those about him: 'Last night was very cold and the vines and the poor vinedressers of Lavaux will have suffered.'

The he put on his most brilliant uniform, the red tunic of which would show no traces of blood. April had decked the fields with flowers. After requesting that the people should not be treated roughly if they crowded about the scaffold, Davel, refusing the charger offered him, set out silently on his way, his thoughts no doubt filled with the vision of his Saviour on the hill of Golgotha. About him the ministers conversed — he asked for silence that his pious reflections might not be disturbed.

From the hill of Montbenon Davel looked out over the lovely plains of Vaud, hemmed in by the sombre line of the Jura, and dotted with villages and the blue mirror of the lake. Turning, he gazed upon the Tour de Gourze on its rounded eminence, the slopes of Lavaux, the snow-clad Alps. And, absorbing into his soul once more the image of his beloved land that he so longed to arouse, he advanced with a firm step to meet death.

What a scene — the reeds and marshes, the gardens, the poplars in long lines, the sunlight on the lake, the song of birds, and down below, amid the greenery of spring, the lofty spires of the cathedral! It was like a hymn of joy. And Davel said: 'This is the most beautiful day of my life, a day of joy on which I may speak to you with an open heart and with no more suffering to fear!'

And then, quietly but with terrible earnestness, this strange mystic and martyr of liberty, who was about to

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be decapitated, spoke to the crowd of onlookers. He warned them against the vices that threatened them, dishonesty, drunkenness, brutality. True, the authorities were most to blame, for they treated the peasants like the beasts of the field. Even the ministers, with few exceptions, ruined the effect of their sermons by the bad example of their lives, and the theological students who were destined to uphold the banner of the Lord were too often given to debauchery. Then, at the close, a new cry of joy: 'This is the most beautiful, the most glorious day of my earthly journey! It is a day of triumph that crowns and surpasses everything that ever happened to me. I have given but little in exchange for such great joy! Before Heaven I declare that I wish evil to no one, that I feel no sort of animosity toward the authorities of Lausanne, since God Himself has brought everything to pass, having preserved me from so many dangers in order to make use of me as a solace for His people. I render Him infinite and humble thanks because, though I have not glorified Him enough during my life, He has willed it that I glorify Him by my death!'

This farewell was followed by the obligatory sermon, and a prayer to which Davel listened with folded hands, while the headsman made his gruesome preparations. Then Davel knelt and laid his head upon the block, the great sword flashed in the sunlight. . . .

It took a long, long time for the appeal of Davel to penetrate the souls of his countrymen. Meanwhile there was none to do honor to the 'rebel.' Colonel Lecomte, the biographer of Davel, tells us that 'the inhabitants of Lavaux, even his own relations, outdid themselves in adulation and servility to make up for the crime of their compatriot and relative.' The Major's memory was accursed even in his own family, the children being forbidden to pronounce his name. The Syndics of the City of Geneva, addressing Their Excellencies of Berne as 'Magnificent, Mighty, and Most High Lords, Good Neighbors, Particular Friends, Very Dear Allies and Confederates,' congratulated them on the failure of this 'nefarious project.' There was a general chorus of 'Traitor!' 'Crazy man!' and 'Fanatic!' — and then a long silence more mournful than death itself.

But during this silence the germ of this sacrifice, as beautiful a one as history can show, was at work. One by one hearts were touched by it. At last one day the dull murmur burst into a cry — 'Liberty!' And when the district of Vaud took its place among the sovereign cantons of the Helvetic Confederation, those who were the authors of this emancipation were glad to recognize in Davel its spiritual father. In the cathedral at Lausanne one may read these words engraved in marble:—

'To the memory of Major Davel, who died on the scaffold on April 24, 1723, a martyr to the rights and liberties of the people of Vaud. The vote of the Provisional Assembly of 1798, the generosity of Frédéric-César de la Harpe, the gratitude of the Canton of Vaud have consecrated this monument, erected in 1839 in the month of April the twenty-fourth day. To God alone Honor and Glory!'

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THE STORY OF THE TWENTY-ONE DEMANDS

BY PUTNAM WEALE

[*Putnam Weale is the pseudonym of Mr. B. Lenox Simpson, an Englishman and one of the best-informed journalists in the Far East. Mr. Simpson is well known for many authoritative books on China and has just become editor of the new Peking paper from which this article is taken.*]

From the *Far Eastern Times, March* 26
(PEKING BRITISH DAILY)

IN spite of a certain triteness which attaches to a subject bitterly debated for eight years, there are certain dramatic elements in the story of the Twenty-One Demands which make it ever fresh and living. I propose to tell the story in a way which should render it clear to every reader, Chinese as well as European, that it is quite wrong to look upon this far-reaching event in the life of two nations as an isolated stroke, a brilliant and brutal assault carried out while the attention of the world was concentrated elsewhere.

I shall prove, conclusively I hope, that the Government of China was as much to blame as the Japanese Government of the day for what happened. Until the Chinese people remove the conditions in their own country which made the Demands possible, there is small chance of cancelling in an effective fashion the greatest humiliation which has been their lot since the Manchus in the Sixties implored foreign Powers and foreigners to save their Throne from the Taiping rebels.

It has already been said many times by many writers that in spite of numberless good qualities the Chinese seem to lack a true critical faculty, particularly in politics. They have not the power of assessing what is taking place around them at its proper value. Even to-day there are few in Peking who understand 1914 — and the relation it bears to the Republic — and this in spite of the fact that some quite fair histories of the European War have been written by Chinese scholars.

It should have been understood at once that the World War was like a terrible collision at sea between two great vessels. A vast disaster was inevitable. Chinese leaders should have made up their minds to the view that the more they held apart from the disaster the worse it would be ultimately for them. Looking at the recent history of Turkey one may be pardoned for expressing the opinion that it would have been even better for China to have immediately associated herself with Germany over the matter of Shantung — and fought — than to have done nothing at all.

Nobody honors the doormat. It was invented to be stepped upon. And yet that is what the Chinese people consistently make of their Government, owing to their indifference, until it is too late. Foreign Affairs — Wai Chiao — are not a subordinate activity in the life of a nation but three quarters of that activity. Until this is accepted and believed in by the Chinese in the same way as it is by the Japanese, and the challenge of the hour always taken up at once and persisted in even unto

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death, the record of the nation will scarcely be honorable.

In 1914 China was summed up in one name — Yuan Shih-kai. This man, great in certain things and a mere provincial in many others, had so jockeyed opponents that they were beaten and disheartened. The ball was at his feet and he intended to kick it. Clever enough to see obvious points, he had at once understood that the World War might disarrange his private plans, but still not irreparably unless he failed to take advantage of the issues which his own countrymen understood. He therefore prepared to deal with a first-class international crisis as if it were a provincial dispute — to back and fill as he had done with the revolutionary regionalism of 1911 and 1912.

He made his first mistake almost immediately. He decreed a war-zone in Shantung in which he proposed to allow the Japanese to manœuvre against Tsingtau: and when they disregarded it he was really lost. He was repeatedly warned by Lu Tsung-yu, who was Chinese Minister to Tokyo, and who has since often discussed the matter with me, to be careful and beware; but, yielding to the popular clamor in Shantung and hoping that the patriotic pose would serve him internally, he finally protested strongly and violently against Japan's violation of the neutrality he himself had proclaimed beyond the siege zone — and this in spite of a Chinese Legation telegram which told him exactly what would happen if he did that.

The Japanese on their side were very well posted in 1914 — better than they are in 1923, when they are utterly disappointed with China, as is every other trading nation owing to the never-ending internal turmoil. They had quite accurate information regarding the monarchy plan almost before Yuan Shih-kai himself was thoroughly aware that his inner circle had determined to make him Emperor or wreck the country in the attempt. His opposition to Japan was expressed in such a form that it was easy to take advantage of a moral vulnerability which could only arise through treachery. Treachery to the Republic had been settled upon in Peking; that is why in the preamble to the Twenty-One Demands — which has never been published in its complete form and probably never will be — the Japanese told him plainly that as he was virtually Emperor it rested with him either to enlist the decisive factor — Japan — on his side or take the consequences.

Had he been really a bold man and politically honest, he would have taken the consequences, and circulated as fast as printing presses could print millions of copies of the Twenty-One Demands until the heavens and earth were filled with them. That was his one last chance. He missed it. The secrecy enjoined upon him, which he officially preserved, was the silken cord which finally strangled him. Imagine any man allowing himself to be murdered in a room, with the windows open and four hundred million people outside, unless he is in some way an accessory!

Thus the position at the very start was not what the Chinese people have been taught to believe. The treachery — if it is necessary to employ such a strong word — was not on the side of Japan. The Japanese having been rudely challenged, as they considered, after having more or less unwillingly captured Tsingtau, were determined to see who was master in the region of the Far East. And they proceeded to work on lines which were not exceptional since they had done the same thing in Korea.

How many telegraphic messages were dispatched from Peking from January

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18, 1915, when the Demands were filed, until the end of three months of tedious negotiations will never be known, any more than it will ever be known who got home the first news. The strict war-censorship in England prevented anything being published, but the British Foreign Office alone must have received from newspaper correspondents dozens of folios all pointing in one direction. It is interesting to recall that the Associated Press correspondent in Peking, Frederic Moore, sent one of the earliest accounts abroad. And for his pains he received back from Melville Stone, his chief, such censure for telling the truth that he tendered his resignation. It is one of time's strangest revenges that he should now be Councillor on propaganda matters to the very Foreign Office he exposed.

The Powers, particularly England and America, fully apprised of what was occurring behind the scenes, began exercising pressure. Lord Grey — then Sir Edward Grey — told the Japanese Ambassador quite plainly that England would not always be at war, and that when peace finally came it would be incumbent on her to review the actions of her ally in the Far East. He used even stronger language regarding Group V, which had been deliberately concealed in the original official communication to England under the plea that it merely comprised desiderata.

The Japanese Ambassador in London, Count Inouye, adopted heir to the elder statesman, Marquis Inouye, was so humiliated at this that he telegraphed to his parent asking him to secure from the Privy Council his transfer from London, as Baron Kato — Foreign Minister — had caused him a loss of prestige by his methods which had made him virtually persona non grata. The storm which finally broke over the Okuma-Kato Cabinet in the Privy Council when the question of the ultimatum came up was in some measure due to this clumsiness abroad and the reactions it caused. Thus the Foreign Powers did something for China — although only one tenth of what they would have been compelled to do had the Demands been published to the world and denounced by China the very moment they were received.

The actual negotiations conducted in Peking by the Foreign Minister, Lu Cheng-hsiang, assisted by Tsao Yu-lin, Vice-Minister, are easily summed up. Yuan Shih-kai had not only made up his mind to give way on Shantung and Manchuria long before the ultimatum, but all the details had been settled by the beginning of April. This wrote off Group I (Shantung) and Group II (Manchuria), which were placed on a uniform ninety-nine-year leasing system. Group III, which was the Hanyehping iron and steel enterprises on the Yangtze, and Group IV, which was merely a declaration about nonalienation of Chinese territory, were unimportant in themselves.

Group V, the sketch of the proposed Japanese Protectorate, was, of course, the hard nut. From first to last the real struggle was round this question. How little real importance was attached to the Manchurian issue can be proved by the fact that when years later I was called upon to write a memorandum defining the geographical limits of South Manchuria, based as far as possible on treaties and documents, I found it necessary to visit the Senior Delegate, Lu Cheng-hsiang, to ask him whether there was any map of the mining-areas conceded in the exchange of notes of 1915, as I was unable to find a certain area mentioned therein. He answered that the place I named existed, because he had telegraphed an inquiry to Mukden at the time and they had replied that they knew of the locality. That

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is the way the Manchurian issue was dealt with.

On April 26 the Japanese redrafted their Demands in an effort to lift the deadlock. The main feature in the revised version was the handling of Group V, which was broken up into changed categories, the important matter of the proposed Japanese railway network from the Yangtze valley to various points in South China being handled in such a way as to leave the door open for direct negotiations with England, who possessed prior rights and prior concessions. The new version was, however, not much of an improvement on the old; and on May 1 China sent a mealy-mouthed reply. There was no mention of Group V, which remained anathema.

The conditions were thus quite serious at the beginning of May, not only in Peking but in Tokyo, where the sort of conflict which has recently occurred between the Privy Council and the Cabinet over the matter of the Sino-Japanese Postal Convention was about to burst forth. The Elder Statesmen, not only Marquis Inouye, but the venerable Marquis Matsukata and the omnipotent Prince Yamagata as well, were highly incensed at the action of the Cabinet in declaring a sort of private mobilization in the Kwangtung leased territory to assist their plans.

On May 4 the Cabinet and the Genro held a joint meeting which lasted four hours without coming to a decision. A second meeting next day was also inconclusive: a council before the Throne was consequently arranged for May 6.

At this council it was declared that the cause of disagreement between the Genro and the Cabinet was: —

1. That in drawing up the Twenty-One Demands the Cabinet did not consult the Elder Statesmen, whose opinion should have been solicited.

2. That without the approval of the Genro, the Government had declared martial law in Manchuria and in the Port Arthur leased territory, and had mobilized troops in these areas.

In the discussion that followed several amazing things transpired. The Finance Minister, in response to a question, said that four months' military expenditure had been prepared — which brought laughter from the financial expert, Marquis Matsukata, who said such a preparation was entirely inadequate for such a big country as China. The Genro agreed that, although Yuan Shih-kai could be overthrown, unless Japan were prepared for a ten years' struggle the desired results could not be attained. It was when this discussion reached its most acute stage that high words passed and that Baron Kato, the Foreign Minister, is believed to have been ordered to leave the meeting, owing to his brusque manner in the Imperial presence.

It was as a result of this important meeting that in the ultimatum of May 7 Japan detached Group V 'for future consideration.' China was given two days to answer. Yuan Shih-kai answered almost at once, Tsao Yu-lin carrying the acceptance of the terms in a personal message to the Japanese Legation. That in addition to the formal negotiations Yuan Shih-kai was carrying on private soundings in Tokyo need not be doubted. This is how the story originated that he actually asked for the ultimatum in order to get himself out of the difficulty of justifying acceptance of the Shantung and Manchurian Surrender in the eyes of his own people.

In the eight years which have intervened, the Twenty-One Demands have been dragged all over the world. They were taken to Paris in 1919 and aroused the amazement of Lloyd George, who had never heard of them until then, and who is said to have read the original

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text with envy on his face, owing to its consummate impudence. Then, having been the indirect means of killing President Wilson politically, they were left lying idle for a while. But in 1921 they formed one of the most important elements in getting the Dominions to repudiate the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

In Washington, six months later, not only was Group V scrapped, but Group I (Shantung) disappeared; Group II (Manchuria) was badly shot about, although the Port Arthur Lease remained, and Group III and Group IV left as they were. Whether in the end the Twenty-One Demands, or what remains of them, will wreck Japanese policy in China I am not sure, but I think so. The South Manchuria Railway and all the cognate enterprises have been described as Japan's spinal column. It is easy to break a spinal column — if you hit hard enough, and your adversary is foolish enough to expose his back.

I, however, am one of those who do not think it necessary for China and Japan to be enemies. It is bad for business and bad for human progress. I would like to see a Sino-Japanese Commission nominated to sit in Tokyo to study the question of Manchuria in particular and railway-building generally in the Chinese domain — since that is what the remnant of the Twenty-One Demands amounts to. It would be easy to transfer the territorial lease of Port Arthur into a Dairen municipality, just as it would be easy to make the Hanyehping enterprises into a proper railway-building centre with every nation interested.

A little more imagination should be shown on both sides. This position has arisen entirely and absolutely from what soldiers call by a vulgar word. I dare to use it here because Victor Hugo has made the precedent in *Les Misérables*, where he prints an expression more forcible than polite which Cambronne is supposed to have used when Napoleon's Old Guard was asked to surrender. Let us say it boldly then! 'Lack of guts' produced the Twenty-One Demands. First, on the part of Japan in not risking everything on one throw of the dice — when she had her chance in 1915 to seize China; and secondly, on the part of China herself in not resisting from the beginning this petty bullying by shifting the capital to some distant place like Hsianfu and fighting it out without delay.

That is the Complete Story.

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THE FRENCH DAILY PRESS

BY JOACHIM KÜHN

From *Preussische Jahrbücher, April*
(Berlin Conservative Nationalist Historical Monthly)

Before passing the French periodicals in review let us take a glance at the press of Germany. This, as we know, is what the French call a '*presse d'opinion*,' the newspapers each being the organ of some particular political party. Their editorial policy is decided sometimes by staff conferences and sometimes by the editor-in-chief. For example, conferences of the editorial staffs determine what shall appear in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the Munich *Neueste Nachrichten*, and many other important journals, while the *Vossische Zeitung*, on the other hand, is dominated by the personality of George Bernhard, and the *Berliner Tageblatt* by that of Theodor Wolff.

The position of all these newspapers in regard to the publishers is rather independent, the publishers usually sharing pretty much the opinions of the editors and confining themselves to the administrative and purely business parts of the periodicals. Another kind of newspaper is conducted by the publisher rather than by the editor, whose chief duty is to avoid doing anything likely to reduce the circulation. This sort is not very numerous in Germany, though with the growing cost of production it is not unlikely to increase in numbers.

In France, however, this kind of newspaper has been dominant for decades. The character of the periodical is not determined by the editor but by the publisher or the owner, for whom the political color of the paper is less important than the size of the circulation. His chief worry is the complexion of his balance sheet and the regularity of his dividends. For him the editorial staff is merely one of the means to this end, the advertising manager being a much more important factor.

The editor, therefore, refrains from obtruding himself. He pays most attention to gathering and reporting news, and generally fills the editorial columns with interviews with important people or articles by them, rather than with his own opinions. The natural result is that the political journalist, and especially the journalist who stamps his own personality upon a periodical, is dying out in France.

The same papers which formerly published leading articles by Armand Carrel and Louis Veuillot, or feuilletons by Alphonse Karr and Aurélien Scholl, to-day cannot count twenty names of European celebrity. Year by year it is becoming more and more evident that '*Les dieux s'en vont.*' The interest lately manifested in the death of Alfred Capus, a writer of little purely political influence, shows the poverty of French press personalities of the first class.

This does not mean that the French press — by which we mean that of Paris, since there are few provincial periodicals of real significance — is devoid of political color. So far as foreign politics are concerned we Germans have cause to know this. The French press is entirely nationalistic, anti-German, even chauvinist. It is in the field of domestic politics that the papers are

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colorless. There is an evident and consistent effort to avoid anything that may offend the susceptibility of a large and promiscuous circle of readers. General party or party-group tendencies are expressed, but care is taken to print the opinions and programmes of other groups. The motto seems to be: Stick to generalities. Special tendencies and programmes are almost never indulged in, and if it should appear that any campaign undertaken by the paper is not popular, it is dropped forthwith. On the other hand, if some movement seems to take the people's fancy, it is ridden ruthlessly. This usually happens only with persons, not groups, the campaign against Clemenceau, lately carried on by Stéphane Lauzanne, being an example.

In regard to the relation of the press to the French Government, one may at once say that the Government regards the press as a power that must be conciliated. There are press offices in all Government bureaus, and journalists possess the entrée to any Minister, the Premier receiving regularly twice a week the editors-in-chief of the great Paris newspapers.

But the relations between Government and press do not by any means end here. The French Government stands not only in a (literally) receptive position toward the press, but also in an open-handed position (literally, too). The French Government has at its disposition a press fund, which was increased in the last budget. From this fund newspapers and writers are granted 'subventions.' The Government is the dispenser of all official information, and, since it owns and controls the postal, telephone, and telegraph systems of France, it is in a position to help the press very materially. Conversely, in the case of a newspaper which has incurred official hostility, it can seriously hamper the wrongdoer. Thus it is evident that the press needs the authorities nearly as much as these need the press.

Significant was the remark of Robert de Jouvenel in his book, *La République des Camarades*, published shortly before the outbreak of the war: 'The press is no longer independent; that goes without saying. And how should it be at a time when independence no longer pays?' The result of the situation is that that great mass of French newspapers are backers of the Government. De Jouvenel said also: 'We call papers Government organs when they are servile; when they are nothing else but Government organs we call them independent. Opposition papers are those which flirt with the Government. There are a few papers that have no sort of connection with the Government, but all the world agrees that these are not to be taken seriously.' Which, being interpreted, means that most French newspapers are careful to say nothing which might annoy the Government; the rest stop doing that when a Government connection has been established.

The relationship of the French press to foreign Governments is much freer, and is regarded solely from the financial standpoint. The leading Paris papers are in receipt of foreign 'subventions,' given for the purpose of coloring the editorial columns. This practice is so universal that any disclosures in regard to it are simply 'killed with silence.' The following case is exemplary. Not long ago the former *Figaro* correspondent in Petrograd, René Marchand, published the letters of Izvolskii to Sazonov, which made it evident that the entire press of Paris, from the great journals down to the hungry pack of minor papers which live only by 'gratifications' and blackmail, accepted cash not only from the Russian, but also from the Italian, the Turkish, and the

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Austrian Embassies, for representing the several national policies in their 'proper' light. The interesting details of this story may be found in the volume, *Un Livre Noir. Diplomatie d'avant-guerre, d'après les documents des Archives Russes*, Vol. I, Paris, 1922. Pp. 133, 255, 258–9.

But these disclosures were systematically suppressed. Each newspaper accepted money under the heading 'publicity,' and not a single one had the courage to renounce the lucrative business, or to risk the hostility of its comrades in crime. In view of such a situation we are not astonished at the judgment of Jaurès: 'Our press is rotten to the core. Journalism in our country is worse than prostitution, for it envelops itself in a robe of morals and reputability, and represents for those without our borders the best there is in France, although it really represents nothing but the interests of a perfidious clique of speculators.'

Turning now for a closer look at the French periodicals — there are about six thousand in all — our attention is first arrested by the four great Paris journals, the so-called *grands quatre*, which dispense news to at least one half of all French newspaper-readers. All four are nationalist, and all of course more or less anti-German. At their head comes the *Petit Parisien*, with a week-day circulation of one and a half millions and a Sunday circulation of two millions — 'the most widely read newspaper in the world,' as it proudly announces on its title-page. It costs, like its rivals, fifteen centimes a copy. Then comes, in point of circulation, the *Journal*, with over 900,000 copies daily, and the *Matin*, with about 800,000. The *Petit Journal*, which formerly rivaled the *Petit Parisien* in circulation, lost a good deal because it identified itself, under Judet, with the General Staff in the Dreyfus case. It still prints about 600,000 copies daily, however, thus outdistancing the most widely circulated newspaper in Germany.

Not one of these four dailies advertises the name of either its director or its editor-in-chief. We know, however, that the *Petit Parisien* is presided over by the brothers Dupuy, whose brother-in-law is François Arago, the leader of the *Entente républicaine démocratique*, the chief group of the nationalist bloc in the Chamber. Under their supervision Philippe Millet looks after foreign politics, while Gustave Hervé takes care of domestic affairs, both accomplishing their tasks, on account of the diversified character of their readers, in a colorless manner not really characteristic of them.

The *Journal* is directed by Henri Letellier, who likewise is its owner, a clever business man who regards his paper from a commercial standpoint only. His foreign editor is Saint-Brice. The *Journal* rather favors the great industrials.

The *Matin* is presided over by Maurice Bunau-Varilla, a brother of the Panama Canal promoter, who, like Letellier, is purely a man of business. Being allied financially with a certain famous oil company, his influence is sometimes made manifest in its favor. His foreign editor is Stéphane Lauzanne, a stepson of the famous Opper de Blowitz of the London *Times*, who has made a name for himself by his interviews and by descriptions of his journeys abroad. Henri de Jouvenel looks after the domestic field for the *Matin*. He has just been elected Senator and named French representative in the League of Nations.

The *Petit Journal*, last of the Great Four, is directed by Senator Charles Prevet. As the oldest, its attitude is perhaps a little more conservative than the others. It is the property and the mouthpiece of Loucheur.

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Turning now from the real news-dispensing papers to the *presse d' opinion*, we may begin at the extreme Right in politics, with the *Action Française*, the special organ of the ultra-royalists, who dream of a monarchist dictatorship for France, and the Rhine as her frontier. This paper is guided by Charles Maurras and Léon Daudet — a strange combination as the two men seem to have qualitatively little in common. Daudet has but a single talent — that of invective. Maurras, on the other hand, is a thinker, who is working sincerely for the popularity of the royalist idea.

Good neighbors of the *Action Française* are the organs of the *Action Libéral*, a political group not at present represented in the Chamber. It publishes, however, two daily papers, the *Liberté* and the *Libre Parole*, both strictly clerical, conservative, and anti-Semitic, especially the *Liberté*, which still carries on the fight begun years ago by the late Edouard Drumont. *La Croix* is the only daily paper expressing the ideas of the French episcopacy.

The national bloc, which represents to-day three fourths of the members of the French Chamber, is represented among the 'papers of opinion' by the *Écho de Paris*, founded by Valentin Simond, which is now a very influential daily with a circulation of some 250,000. Its character is best shown by the personalities of its three guiding spirits, Maurice Barrès, General de Castelnau, and Charles Gérault, better known as Pertinax. In domestic politics the *Écho* stands rather at the Right, and likes to sound the military, clerical, and nationalist note. Barrès, it will be remembered, is Déroulède's successor as President of the Patriotic League. Just now the *Écho de Paris* favors a Rhine buffer-state controlled by France. This paper's influence in military circles is considerable, as also in the worlds of industry, finance, and commerce.

After the *Écho de Paris*, and belonging to the same political bloc, come four other daily newspapers which are of a somewhat higher character so far as the literary and cultural quality of their contents is concerned. These are the *Temps*, the *Journal des Débats*, the *Gaulois*, and the *Figaro*.

The *Temps* is known to be inspired by the Government so far as foreign politics are in question. In domestic politics it stands rooted in the centre of the nationalist bloc with a very hostile attitude toward what is called the 'Left Bloc Movement.' Nevertheless, it is by no means clerical or monarchist, being thus consistent with its republican origin in the early sixties. The leading spirit of the *Temps* is Émile-Adrien Hébrard. Its leading articles are seldom signed, but most of them are from the pen of Jean Herbette, known for his touching sympathy with exploitable new-fledged nations. Tardieu, who once wrote the *Temps* leaders, is no longer with it.

Next to the *Temps* comes the *Journal des Débats*, one of the oldest French newspapers now that the royalist *Gazette de France*, after an existence of some three hundred years, has gently succumbed to general debility. The *Journal des Débats*, once Orleanistic, is to-day decidedly republican though conservative, perhaps slightly less so, however, than the *Temps*. Its director is Étienne de Naléche, and its foreign department is in charge of Auguste Gauvain, well known as a Balkan specialist. One of his assistants is Pierre Bernus, the Paris correspondent of the *Journal de Genève*.

The *Figaro* and the *Gaulois* are somewhat more socially inclined than their colleagues, and are much read by the *beau monde*, as well as by 'high

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finance.' They feature gossip of the aristocracy, the watering-places, as well as art, the theatre, and sport. Politically they tread on nobody's toes, and count writers of all sorts of tendencies on their staffs, such as the late Capus on the *Figaro*, and, on the *Gaulois*, Frédéric Masson, the Bonapartist, and the Orleanist, Robert de Flers. The spirit that hovers over the *Gaulois* waters is Arthur Meyer, the grand old man of French journalism, once an ardent Bonapartist but now in alliance with the Orleanists for the formation of a 'cultural monarchy.' Not many years ago he married a Mlle. de Turenne. The *Gaulois* does not print more than twenty to thirty thousand copies, and the *Figaro* does not go much higher. The *Temps* has a larger circulation than these, owing to its semiofficial character.

The principal evening paper of the nationalist bloc is the *Intransigeant*, with a present circulation of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand copies, a good deal less than formerly. Its leaders are written by many persons, usually prominent politicians, but a satisfactory substitute for the famous Henri Rochefort, who furnished the *Premier-Paris* for so many years, has never been found. To the nationalist group belongs also the *République Française*, the organ of the progressive wing, founded by Gambetta, whose ideas still dominate it, though to-day somewhat academically tempered. Its editor, Edmond Laskine, is secretary of the *Comité de la rive gauche de Rhin*. We may mention here a paper with a limited circulation, though important, the *Éclair*, whose leader-writer, Émile Buré, is both intelligent and rather more independent in the expression of his ideas than most of his colleagues.

The followers of Clemenceau, officially called *Républicains de Gauche* (Left), have their own paper, the *Écho National*, founded about two years ago, the editor being no less a person than André Tardieu. It is strictly nationalistic, bitterly anti-German, and opposes any variation from, and literal enforcement of, the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. Briand had to dance to the *Écho's* music, and Poincaré is following suit. It would be difficult to say how much of this attitude is due to the susceptibilities of M. Tardieu, who regards himself as the real creator of the Versailles agreement and personally resents any criticism of it; but the *Écho's* influence, as well as its circulation, — not over 15,000, — is by no means what its founders fondly expected.

On the left wing of the bloc we find *La Victoire*, the organ of Gustave Hervé, who was once the apostle of antimilitarism, and whose paper originally bore the title, *La Guerre Sociale*. Hervé's leading articles are generally regarded as the opinions of President Millerand. The same is said of the leaders of Eugène Lautiers, who directs the *Homme Libre*, once Clemenceau's organ, which now represents the *Socialistes républicains*, or the wing that leans farthest to the Left inside the Nationalist bloc.

Another left-wing paper, without any Government relations, is the *Radical*, the organ of the Jonnart group, entirely chauvinist in character.

Quite outside the nationalist group of newspapers described above is the press of the Radical-Socialists, the Socialists, and the Communists. The first have a daily called *L'Œuvre*, which is directed by Gustave Téry and has a circulation of about 30,000. It is not quite so anti-German as its Nationalist neighbors, which it usually opposes, though reserving its bitterest blows for the royalists. Further to the Left is the *Lanterne*, notorious on account of

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its antireligious campaign and its chauvinism. Its financial status is said to be impaired since the fall of the Chinese Bank. Another paper of the same stamp is the *Rappel*, edited by Edmond de Mesnil, who rather likes to hear himself referred to as the *enfant terrible* of the Radical-Socialist press. During the war Mesnil was an advocate of the Rhine frontier, for which he personally fought at the front.

Uncompromisingly radical is really only the *Ère Nouvelle*, which calls itself the organ of the *Entente des Gauches* — in other words, the amalgamation of all liberal groups outside the Nationalist bloc in view of the coming elections. The directing force of the *Ère* is Albert Dubarry, who during the war took charge of Caillaux's daily, *Le Pays*. Among the *Ère's* contributors are several Radical professors of the University of Paris, men like Alphonse Aulard, Victor Basch, Charles Gide, and Gaston Jéze, as well as General Gérard, who, it will be recalled, tried in 1919 to sever the Palatinate from Germany and make it into a vassal state of France.

Besides the two papers named above, the Radical-Socialists are expected soon to bring out a new paper called the *Quotidien*. The Socialists swear by the *Populaire*, the organ of the Socialist majority. Its chief writers are Léon Blum and Jean Longuet, the first the leader of the Socialist faction in the Chamber, the latter the grandson of Karl Marx, and therefore a man of influence, though he was beaten at the polls in 1919.

The *Populaire*, however, does not play a very important rôle in French politics; and the organ of the so-called National-Socialists, the *Bonsoir*, is still more insignificant, keeping alive only by its sensationalism.

Since the Congress of Tours the Communists have published the *Humanité*, which is edited by a staff of rather brilliant men, among them Gouttenoir de Toury and Jacques Mesnil. The *Humanité* carries on a relentless fight against capitalism, and does not shrink from showing up the questionable business methods of its bourgeois colleagues. It was this paper that had the courage to publish the Izvolskii letters which exposed the venality of the *Écho de Paris*, the *Temps*, and the *Matin*, as well as the proven fact that the well-known Parisian publicist, Recoully, was employed by the Russian secret police under the pseudonym of Ratmir, receiving in return, not a princely salary, but the pittance of five hundred francs a month! The press of Paris always preserves a dead silence in regard to the *Humanité*, which nevertheless enjoys a circulation of some 200,000.

It is not necessary here to speak of the numerous organs of special interests, such as the *France Militaire*.

As indicated above, nearly all newspapers that count are published in Paris. There are, to be sure, papers with extensive circulations in the provinces, but, except for local news, they are practically edited from Paris, their Paris correspondents being usually members of the editorial staffs of the great metropolitan papers. We may mention the Lyon *Progrès de Lion*, the Rennes *Ouest-Éclair*, the Bordeaux *Petite Gironde*, the Marseilles *Petit Marseillais*, and the Nice *Petit Niçois*. The *Dépêche de Toulouse* has some significance as the organ of the Radical-Socialist Party in Southern France.

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A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

BY ALEXANDER KUPRIN

From *Figaro, March* 24
(LIBERAL NATIONALIST DAILY)

THE month of May had arrived. The hearts of three hundred young cadets were beating high, filled with strange sentiments at once comic and wistful — sentiments of recklessness, vanity, despair, mortal terror, blind confidence in luck, sombre dejection, and resignation to fate. Life had lost its monotony. It had left the ordinary framework of severe military routine into which it had been hammered day and night by commands and orders. The writing-desks had been carried out of the classrooms and arranged in the long recreation halls according to the taste of the pupils who, as neighbors during the winter, had fought like so many chained galley-slaves and who now showed themselves to be as obliging, conciliatory, and adaptable as young married couples. A group of five or six desks close together would often form a kind of polygonal fort to the outer wall, a sort of inviolable defensive retreat. That was the place where a self-centred corporation would rally like ants, deaf to the solicitations of vagabond grasshoppers.

All day long they would cram indefatigably. Stuffing up their eyes and ears and even their noses like timid bathers, some of them would fight off heavy boredom. The good scholars were self-assured and confident, but even they grew pale and thin during these frightful days. They knew very well that they would come through brilliantly. But there was a piercing thought of jealousy that alarmed them: 'What if I were not the first, but only the second?'

Dear good students, ornaments of the Corps of Cadets, pride of your parents! You are neither better nor worse than other children! But what is a first place, a mere sop to your false pride, compared with the springtime that is already slipping beyond your grasp? Of course, you will enjoy other springs to come, you will consciously savor their charm either in the north or the south of every country in the world. But this one will never come back; this spring, ready to throw itself wide open before your awakened eyes, to penetrate your quivering nostrils, your subtle ear, to eat its way into your childish, eager, observant spirits that nothing has yet sullied, leaving there forever the good seed of joy and earthly beauty.

Dmitri Kazakov, a pupil in the first class, was also of this opinion. In fact, he thought as much of the influence of nature on the human soul as a colt galloping in the field, or a bird fluttering over a marshy plain uttering its strange springtime song.

Spring! That is what enveloped the soul of the adolescent in unconscious sensual delight and incredible lassitude, with its bewitching odors, its insidious enchantments, and its disquieting dreams. He could not keep still, he wanted to laugh and cry and give way to high-strung happiness or melt with tender sorrow. Could Kazakov explain to himself why during the preceding summer, in the atmosphere of parental propriety, when he had been admitted as a pupil to the second class, when his voice had changed, he

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had been overcome by this wild youthfulness, this desire to leap at a savage gallop through the high grass, bathed in the ruddy glow of evening, with his head stretched forward, yelling, screaming, and intoxicating himself with the penetrating scent of absinthe, camomile, and clover? At night, why had he rushed naked out of the house during great storms and leaped about barefooted in the torrential rain, with the paces of a giant, throwing himself up toward the black sky, toward the thunder and lightning, shaking with delirious enthusiasm, with unformulated defiance, with ardent pleasure in all his young body?

This spring, too, he was entirely at the mercy of his mysterious dreams, of his endless worry, and of the disturbing palpitations of life. How could he study under these conditions? He was, moreover, hardly up at all in his studies. To gain moderate success, or even a little less, what importance was there in that? When the examinations came, you could master your will and make up for lost time. But now he lived in a state of curious enchantment, as if he had been made drunk by a liquor to which he was unaccustomed. He woke up, ran to the window, sat down on the sill, and, freshly astonished as if he saw these things for the first time, he said, or rather felt proudly: 'See the blue sky, the light transparent mists, the grass, and the far-off trees down there beyond the buildings.'

And all day long he paced up and down the huge court of the Cadet Corps, trodden by a thousand footsteps. He stretched himself out on the short, sparse, miserable grass and followed for a long time, as if it were an extraordinary miracle, the busy and mysterious movements of the ants, the chains of red black-spotted beetles that intersected each other, slowly walking among the blades of grass. He read the same phrase ten times over without understanding the meaning. Finally, abandoning his book, he lay flat on his stomach, resting his head on his hands, and looked up at the limitless sky as the capricious clouds twisted it slowly about and changed its shape, too, in eternal space according to their winged thoughts.

Now the tenderest, most disquieting and marvelous time has come: the evening. Everything has grown dark. The setting sun gives out only a few rays. It is a greenish twilight. The building stands out — a clear black skeleton with empty unlighted windows that now take on a weird appearance. The white forms of his comrades move as if by magic. Each branch of a tree stands out surprisingly distinct against the sky, which is clearer than the ground. Invisible locusts are chirping. Far away resounds a cadenced song. Laughter and conversation are gentle. The most ordinary sound seems to come to you from another world. And all of this penetrates every drop of blood like strong wine, and little by little it makes your head swim. What silent and invisible creature is now coursing all over the world? What breath is it that lifts the hair and caresses the cheek? Why this sudden heavy breathing, this clutching at the throat, these tears in the eyes? What miracle is going to be performed — in a minute — at this very moment?

Bedtime has come. The pupils are summoned. The bats fly low and obliquely, tracing black zigzags in the sky and often hitting you in the face. 'I shall go down there,' says Kazakov, 'to the gray oppressive walls, and the great mystery will take place without me, under the sombre sky. Without me!'

The day after to-morrow the last examinations will take place. Mathematics, the most terrible of all; but, by

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way of recompense, what a marvelous morning to-day. The sky seems to be celebrating. And Dmitri resolutely hurls the great algebra book into his desk. To-day he wants to escape and wander about in the old park, where walking is forbidden. He will take no one with him. He will go all by himself.

At lunch, he cleverly sneaks an extra cutlet from under the very hand of the servant who is looking at it and slips it in his pocket after laying it between two slices of black bread. Perhaps he will be late for dinner, but what one of the overseers will ever think of calling a roll of the pupils at this anxious and hectic time?

It is difficult to get into the park. At the corner of a parapet dating from the time of Peter the Great stands the guard, *pan* Pnewski, with a mutilated hand, a captious servant and an eternal spy. His dull pewter-colored eyes — the faithful eyes of a soldier — never lose sight of the only means of escape: a break in the parapet, then the downhill slope beside the gymnasium, thirty or forty paces farther in the open to the pond, and finally along the green muddy pond, where an impenetrable wall of time-honored willows rises up, bent and tortuous, behind which one cannot be perceived.

A faithful companion assumes the task of distracting the vigilant guard's attention. With hypocritical generosity he offers old Pnewski his morning roll, reserved for this purpose. The old man has a large family for whom an extra piece of bread is never superfluous. Then the comrade flings out the bait. His method is Machiavellian but sure. In what war and at what battle did pan Pnewski lose two fingers from his right hand? First pan Pnewski looks about him with pride. He has already tasted this seductive enticement more than once. But the face of the questioner is so good-natured, his ingenuous eyes express such lively sympathy! Even the subject of the story, the event by which pan Pnewski, Polish gentleman, handsome, full of activity and energy, was reduced to a poor cripple, is still so much alive and grips the heart of the old man so tightly that the fish bites and he is hooked.

Kazakov, during this time, has jumped under the shelter of the tufted willows, quicker than the wind on the plains. He does not slacken his pace until he reaches a hillock on which elder thickets, graceful trees, and wild honeysuckle are all tangled together. There he takes breath and walks to an abandoned greenhouse where some cracked and broken panes of glass are still left. He leaps lightly over a ditch full of water and goes down to the deep, narrow river.

The water looks black as ink because so many bushes border closely on the two banks and bathe their long hanging branches in it. It feels dirty because so many buildings are near it. Kazakov has no choice. He undresses with surprising speed and throws himself into the water in one jump, without hesitation. His feet touch the muddy bottom, slippery and rough. He catches his breath for an instant, seized with a violent chill, then he swims swiftly with long strokes, crossing the river several times from one side to the other. When he slowly climbs up the bank again after dressing, he feels with delight an astonishing lightness in all his muscles, as if his body has no weight. It seems as if he could leave the ground with scarcely any effort and fly in the air like a great bird.

He finally came to the great shady road in the park. The old linden trees — contemporaries of Peter the Great, who had once given this park with the palace to a great lord, a favorite of his — were so incredibly high that one

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felt very small walking beneath them. This road was always plunged in green shadows and fresh dampness. In some spots of the ground little discs of sunlight shone, undulated, and trembled like gold coins thrown from the heavens by a capricious hand. Kazakov wandered down the great road, which was as peaceful and majestic as an empty temple, deserted and cold, that he had entered by chance in the full heat of noonday. There was a marble head of a lion, furrowed by time, out of whose mouth ran a thin stream of silver water into a flat basin. Kazakov applied his lips to it and drank the cold sweet water with delight.

Suddenly, when he closed his mouth, from which shining drops were falling, a delicious perfume, subtle and gentle, at once sober and intoxicating, assailed his senses. Kazakov followed it, turning his head to every side, breathing the air and dilating his nostrils like a hunting-dog. He went down into the damp ravine where the overflow of the fountain trickles in a thin stream. A marvelous discovery! A whole oasis of charming little deep-hued northern violets that smell more sweetly than those from any other part of the world!

Crawling on his knees he carefully gathered these flowers, trying not to crush them. With unconscious elegance he made a little bouquet of them, encircled it with round wet leaves, and bound it up with a thread that he pulled out of his schoolboy's handkerchief with his teeth.

But when he clambers up and finds himself all covered with grass on the road again, an unexpected picture, an enchantment, forces him to stop, silent with admiration that almost turns to fear. A woman is walking toward him in the middle of the road. She seems to be floating in the air; her feet are scarcely touching the ground. Clothed all in white amid the thick and sombre greenery, she looks like a marble statue, miraculously animated, that has come down from its pedestal. She keeps advancing, a gentle yet terrible prodigy. She is large, light, well-proportioned; her full face is very beautiful. Her arms hang with easy grace along either side of her body. A heavy band of shining plaited gold sits on her forehead like a royal crown, and from above an invisible being scatters glittering gold petals on her white form. Now she is two paces away. Every feature of her fresh young face is as pure, noble, and simple as a gentle melody. Her large eyes have a profoundly spiritual look, clear and radiant. And their color is strangely suggestive of the flowers that are trembling in the hand of the motionless youth.

She stops; a heavenly smile plays across her lips, and her voice sounds like a violoncello, full and deep.

'What delicious violets! Is it possible that you have picked them here? How many there are and how beautiful!'

'Here,' replies Kazakov in a voice that does not seem his own. It is not he but someone else surrounded by a rosy mist who holds out the flowers and says: 'I beg you to accept them, if they please you. I shall be —'

The poor cadet's throat is choked with emotion. His heart beats tumultuously. His eyes are all but brimming over with tears. The Fairy Princess understands him.

Her face lights up with a tender smile and she blushes slightly. She thanks him in a caressing voice and her simple words ring like cymbals in a solemn choir of angels. With a gracious gesture she pins the modest bunch of violets at her breast at the very place where her rose-colored body shows beneath the creamy lace of her dress. She offers her pretty soft hand

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to Kazakov and presses his with a firm grasp, gentle and friendly. And the young man is promptly aware of a new perfume added to the violets, warm, pleasing, and penetrating.

Conversation then ran to commonplaces that Kazakov never remembered afterward. Only one thing stuck in his mind — that the young woman had been going for years to a Christmas ball at the school that Kazakov was going to enter and that this evening she was going to leave to go abroad. She found out Kazakov's first name and the word 'Dmitri' fell from her lips like a song of inexpressible beauty.

She was the first to say good-bye. Having looked at the time on her little gold watch, she gave him her marvelous hand once again and said, 'Goodbye. It has given me great pleasure to meet you.' Yes, she had said 'Goodbye.' And she disappeared around the corner of the road like a person in a dream.

That evening, stretched out on his bed in the dormitory, Kazakov found it hard to go to sleep. He pressed his hands tightly to his breast and murmured ardently, lingeringly, 'My God, my God.' These words sent forth a naïve but infinite benediction everywhere: to the earth, the water, the trees, the flowers, the sky, the perfumes, the men, the animals, infinite goodness, and eternal beauty.

Then he shed clear joyful tears for a long time, without knowing why. And however difficult his life may afterward be, however full of successes and reverses, friendships and enmities, love and hatred, he will always smile with pleasure and remembrance — even in his old age when he has forgotten her name and her appearance — when he thinks of the violets pinned at the breast of his Fairy Princess.

Rare good fortune fell to his share. He had experienced, if only for an instant, real love that embraced chastity, poetry, beauty, and youth all at the same time.

THE BIRD FANCIERS

BY THE IDLER

From the *North China Herald, March* 31
(Shanghai British Weekly)

He was an ancient 'Son of Han,' oh, very ancient, and walked along clothed in his mantle of dignity, glancing neither to the right nor left. Dressed in formal black brocades, the only spot of color being the crimson button in the centre of his round cap, he might easily have been mistaken for a lofty Tuchun, or perhaps a magistrate bound on an errand of official business, except that he was walking, and carried tenderly under his right arm a large bird-cage, the sides of which were enveloped in green cloth.

I idly wondered why he did not permit one of the two stalwart coolies who followed in his wake to carry the cage, and since he seemed hurrying to an im-

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portant rendezvous, I decided to follow inconspicuously and discover whither he was bound.

At the corner of Tibet and Nanking roads the little procession turned south and proceeded along the outer palings of the Race Course. It had been a glorious spring day, and now the amber rays of sunshine cast hazy blue shadows across the light-green lawns and paddocks of the Recreation grounds. A few golf enthusiasts tapped little white balls with long spindly sticks, then walked after the balls to tap them again. Tibet road was alive with many little groups — watching the antics of a Chinese juggler; buying sticky candy mannikins from a very dirty vendor; and strolling up and down enjoying the clean fresh wind from the South.

My 'ancient' appeared oblivious to all surroundings and strode ahead, a little faster now, and clutching his bird-cage more tightly. Suddenly I became aware of the sound of many birds singing. The songs were very sweet and I stopped to listen, endeavoring to locate from whence came the sound. There were no song-birds perched in the limbs of the little saplings that line the narrow parkway; and, with the exception of a line of blackbirds roosting along the telephone wires, the immediate atmosphere appeared free from feathered occupants.

Then at the corner of Taku Road I saw them. I might hazard that there were at least one hundred, perhaps more, arranged in their cages in orderly rows, and hanging from the palings and the limbs of the trees. The owner of each cage stood proudly at the side or gossiped with his neighbors near-by.

The arrival of the 'ancient' was the occasion of much comment and gesticulation. He proceeded at once to the largest group, the members of which greeted him deferentially. The green cloth surrounding the cage he carried was removed with a deal of ceremony, disclosing a beautiful brown-and-white bird, somewhat larger than the others, and not dissimilar to our wood thrush, except that it was larger.

This latest arrival, which had evidently been asleep on his top perch, ruffled his feathers once or twice, jumped to the lower perch, essayed a few practice warbles by way of tuning up, then burst forth in a rapturous pæon of praise, with all the accompanying trills, tremolos, and runs, far outshining the best efforts of the greatest coloratura soprano in the world. While the bird sang, the crowd of onlookers remained silent, but the instant it stopped they burst forth in a congratulatory chorus of *Ding Hau's*.

Other birds were brought into the ever-widening circle by their proud owners. They embraced nearly every variety of feathered songster indigenous to this latitude. Unfortunately I am no ornithologist, so cannot give my readers their scientific nomens and cognomens. After all, names are useful only to distinguish those objects that are pleasing from those that are not.

Some of the sweetest notes were caroled by tiny little fellows, considerably smaller than our famous Harz Mountain canaries, and of a vivid green color, with carmine beak. A husband and wife in one cage — so the owner informed me — sang several interesting duets. Their tempo and attack were perfect, likewise the modulation in the andante passages; but more remarkable still was the manner in which they maintained perfect time. Frequently the husband would stop, and the wife sing an aria alone, or vice versa, but not once did either miss his or her cue, but took up the beat at exactly the proper measure.

One owner, a young gentleman of some thirteen summers, was inordinate-

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ly proud of his bird's whistling accomplishments. The latter was rather a bedraggled-looking creature — I was informed later that it was just passing through the moulting period — and would imitate perfectly a few bars that any one of the spectators happened to whistle. For my especial benefit the owner whistled the first eight or nine bars of 'Tipperary,' which the bird repeated in exactly the same key. I could not help thinking what a success it would have achieved with the 'First Hundred Thousand.'

When the whistling exhibition was concluded, my 'ancient' motioned for silence. After a rather flowery oration, in which he belittled the prowess of his own prize possession, — in accordance with the dictates of Oriental politeness, — he informed the members that a contest would take place during the next hour, and that the judges would pass from cage to cage, hear all the birds, and by a process of elimination choose only three competitors from each class, to compete for the grand prize — a year's supply of birdseed and cuttlefish, and a silver shield for the owner suitably inscribed.

Since I was the only foreigner present, the master of ceremonies graciously invited me to be a judge; but I declined, stating that I did not possess the necessary technical knowledge of the requirements, and only knew when a bird's song pleased me, or otherwise.

'But after all, is that not the test of all music?' he answered. 'That which is most pleasing is certainly the most enjoyed. The same may be said of our feathered friends. If their notes do not ring true, if there is not the proper modulation, crescendo, sustained power, if their voices are hoarse, surely they are then not pleasing.'

'But,' I protested, 'it is so hard for an Occidental to judge music from Oriental standards. To our untutored ears Chinese music sounds frequently discordant, because we have been taught other standards of harmony.'

'Ah yes, perhaps that is true,' he replied. 'You do not like Chinese music because you cannot understand it, cannot appreciate the story it unfolds, because you do not know the underlying motif, nor the theme.'

'The same reasoning applies to the songs of the birds,' I said. 'You will judge them from the standards of Cathay, while I would unconsciously apply the European criterions.' His parchment face wrinkled into a smile. 'I insist, however, that you become a member of the judges' committee ex officio, and permit me to show you some of the really remarkable songbirds we have here.'

Leading the little procession of judges we walked back and forth past the cages, with the 'ancient' recounting little anecdotes about nearly every occupant.

'See, here is a fine example of training,' he said, pointing to the bird within, which was of the same variety as his own. He uttered a brief command, and the bird sang; another order, and the bird stopped instantaneously. Three or four times this same performance was repeated to my amazement. 'How is it done?' I asked. 'How is the bird ever taught to start or stop by human commands?'

'How do Europeans train hunting dogs for the field?' he countered.

'By perseverance, and patience ad infinitum,' I answered.

'The Chinese train their birds in the same manner,' he replied. 'Of course it is impossible to train all birds to obey commands, just as dogs occasionally disobey the orders of their masters. But the bird occupies the same place in the Chinese household as the dog does in the homes of other nations. It would not be practicable for economic reasons

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for Chinese to keep dogs, since frequently they consume more food than three or four coolies. A bird, on the other hand, eats comparatively little, and not the same food that humans eat, so it cannot be said to be cheating any hungry mouths. Since the bird is the great pet of the Chinese household it is only natural that it should be taken by the master for an airing, to bask in the bright spring sunshine, to meet other members of its same family and learn to sing new songs by hearing the songs of other birds.'

During the time my 'ancient' had been expounding the position a songbird occupied in a Chinese household, our steps had led us to the far extremity of the line of cages. Here were several birds quite similar to our black starlings, except that they were somewhat smaller and each had a bright orange beak. Instead of remaining in their cages they had been permitted to roost either on top of the cages or on their masters' shoulders or heads. These were the conversationalists of the feathered tribe. I was informed that after their tongues had been split — a rather difficult proceeding and doubtless rather painful — they began imitating human sounds until quite naturally the sounds soon formed words and the words phrases.

One big fellow who proudly strutted back and forth along his owner's arm spoke no fewer than five dialects and kept up a running comment with his master. I asked if these birds did not frequently fly away when once they were granted their liberty. 'A dog does not stray away from a good home,' my 'ancient' replied. 'Neither will these pets leave their cages, where plenty of food and water always awaits them.'

The sun had dropped behind the distant buildings of the Race Club, bringing out all the points and gables into sharp silhouette against the saffron afterglow. With the sun's departure the songs of the birds died away to a feeble twitter or two, and each sleepily sought his accustomed perch for the night.

'And the song contest,' I inquired, 'when will it be held? I should like to be present at the finals, to see whether the judgment of Orient and Occident coincides, regarding the beauties of a bird's song.'

'Come the next fine day of spring, and we will try to hold it then,' the old gentleman replied. 'After all, contests are of minor importance; they breed jealousy and enmity between the owners. We always say we will hold a formal contest, but I don't remember ever having heard one. It is just a little jest we have between ourselves, for would it not be presumptuous for mortals to judge the songs of one of nature's greatest gifts to man?'

I strolled along homeward in the soft spring twilight, marveling once again over the teachings of Oriental philosophy. I felt that I had been greatly privileged to view for a moment, at least, the gentle heart of a Chinese gentleman, whose love of a bird's song rendered him more closely akin to the remainder of our great human family.

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A FINNISH PAINTER IN PARIS

BY ALEJANDRO SUX

From *La Prensa, February* 18
(Buenos Aires Anti-Administration Daily)

Young countries, culturally or geographically distant from the main centres of intellectual and artistic attraction, have an unfortunate inclination to lose their mental and sentient personality — whether this personality is already developed or is only on its way to self-expression; and they give up the better portion of their representative youth to the deforming influence of foreign surroundings. The 'Occidentalization' of the world is creating a desperate æsthetic monotony. It is a lamentable fact that countries possessing such an artistic past as, for instance, Japan, exhibit symptoms of the same disease and allow themselves to be attracted by the luminous abyss of Europe. For if language is the interpreter of the national soul, art represents, expresses, even materializes this soul. And if the national language is gradually losing its original character of sacredness and its conservative quality under the influence of the utilitarian cosmopolitism created by international commerce, nevertheless a national art recovers from deforming outside influences as soon as these cease to be active.

Though this is true of art, it is not true of artists. The artistic expression of a nation's collective soul generally survives only if the people possesses enough spiritual vitality. That is why we encounter, in the course of history, those magnificent and resplendent periods of rebirth when the latent energies of the race seem to impose themselves vigorously upon humanity, and national or racial consciousness recovers its lost dignity. But it hardly ever happens that an individual artist can free himself, in the course of his life, from the effects of expatriating his genius.

A French proverb says that 'travel shapes the youth' — though the French are the last people to apply this principle in practice. Travel shapes not only youths but even men who are past 'the blossoming age.' But we should differentiate: while travel forms or models young minds, it either fortifies, illumines, corrects, or transforms mature ones. New landscapes, intercourse with strangers, new sensations caused by life in foreign cities, undoubtedly have a beneficial influence upon every person able to feel, observe, and compare. But the results are different in different cases. If the artist has left his native surroundings before these have definitely impressed themselves on his personality, he will surely, upon his return, be influenced by that which has impressed him most strongly.

It would be in the interest of young nations possessing no artistic past, to advise them to keep their artists upon their native soil until their personalities are clearly defined. After this they may well help the young artists to study the great masters in order to complete their development.

The case of the Finnish painter, Juho Rissanen, is a typical one. He was born in the heart of the province of Kuopio in 1873. His parents were poor

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peasants, and his early existence was one of interminable misery. Besides, his father was far from good-tempered, and the boy was maltreated from early childhood, suffering hunger and exposure. He remembers melancholy nights spent outside the paternal home, in the kennel of a famished dog. One day, when he was ten, his father fell dead in the snow. The gruesome scene stayed in the boy's memory, and to this fact are due many of the most impressing canvases he presented to his country.

From that day little Juho had to gain his daily bread himself, and he went as apprentice to an artisan-painter, hoping that in the course of time fate would be kind enough to offer him an opportunity to study, for he had decided to rise above his humble level. Having learned his trade he went to Helsinki (Helsingfors), the capital of Finland. There, while contemplating the works of the masters of the fourteenth to sixteenth centuries who did great honor to Finnish art, and later, having penetrated into the genius of his great contemporaries, Jernefelt, Gallen, Edelfelt, Vallgren, Fanny Churberg, he felt as if he was granted a revelation. Passionate interest in art wakened in him, and the plebeian wall-painter conceived the bold plan of becoming an artist.

Fate was generous to Juho Rissanen: one fine day he was 'discovered' and assisted in his aspiration. His most faithful supporter was Albert Edelfelt, painter of great talent, belonging to the best society of Finland, and a far-sighted patriot. In spite of not being a youth any longer, Rissanen, the peasant of yesterday, achieved miracles of energy and persistence, and in a comparatively short time acquired the technical background necessary to show his real talent.

His first works were drawings and water colors representing national types, conceived with ingenuity and grandeur, and executed in a very individual manner: something like impressionism mixed with the meticulous art of a miniaturist. One of his critics remarked that these first attempts of Rissanen reminded him of the masters of the fourteenth century and of the old Dutch masters. This is true of his outward manner. Rissanen's interpretation of nature is all his own.

Being invited to take part in Finland's delegation to the Universal Exposition of 1900, in which Finland was to exhibit side by side with Russia, Rissanen retired to a remote village in the woods of Savolaksa intending to work quietly in the rustic atmosphere that bred his childhood. It was there that he painted his most original pictures: The Finnish Fishermen working upon a frozen lake where they have hewn a hole for their lines, At a Fortune Teller's, and the Blind Woman. After the Exposition, in which the Finnish painters, Gallen-Kallela, Pekka Halonen, and Magnus Enkel had also taken part, Rissanen received a prize and went to Italy, the country of art, in order further to develop his talent.

From his arrival there dates the beginning of Rissanen's gradual depersonalization. The sun-kissed peninsula, overflowing with ancient glory, began to act like an evil growth upon the artistic individuality of this son of a Northern land.

After this first voyage to Italy Rissanen went back to work in the woods of Savolaksa, and in 1903 finished his famous water-color painting, A Childhood Memory. It commemorated his father's death and closed the cycle of pictures begun before the Italian influence held him completely in its grip.

Despite the advice of his friends, Rissanen made use of another Govern-

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ment subsidy to go to Italy again, with the object of studying fresco art. The next year he completed two paintings for the Helsingfors Municipal Library, using the methods acquired during his latest studies abroad. A Finnish critic said of this work that it showed the Italian influence gaining the upper hand over Rissanen's intensity of expression. But it was in his later oil-paintings that he fully exhibited the impression that Italy's art of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries left on his own manner.

Gustave Geoffroy was right when he wrote, in criticizing the work of our painter: 'Rissanen, peasant painter that you are! Stay in the surroundings which are so dear to you. Never go to Paris to learn its art!' The son of a Kuopio village neglected the advice of Geoffroy as he did that of his countryman Okkonen, and, attracted by the *ville lumière* as butterflies are by a flame, went to study its art in the shops of Montparnasse. To be sure, he enriched his technique, his vision of color, his conception of style, and made use of new and brilliant mediums of expression; but just as undoubtedly his native peasant characteristics weakened day by day, detracting from the virility of his artistic personality. His Stevedores and A Visit belong to this period.

Ever since that time the cancer of Western civilization ate deeper and deeper into this beautiful primitive genius, so full of strength that if he had only stayed in the atmosphere to which he belonged he would have presented a talent of unique originality, of absolute sincerity. After A Visit Rissanen's art follows feverishly the unstable ways of the Occident, its hysterical æstheticism, its thirst for novelty. In some of his paintings he exhibits an inclination toward cubist principles, in others he gives us quiet subjects like those of Piero della Francesca, still later he allows himself to be visibly influenced by the literature and the conventionalism of Puvis de Chavannes, and then all of a sudden walks in the steps of the impressionists. To-day, having lost his tranquillity of mind and possessed by the demon of the age, his vision and his artistic feeling deformed by the shock of his simple personality against the complicated world in which he chose to live, the Finnish artist, without ceasing to be a great talent, has ceased to be the representative of his native art.

Fortunately Rissanen seems unable to lose his personality entirely, so that even in his most *recherché* paintings, in his most illusory excursions into new fields, the touching simplicity of the countryman can be discovered without great difficulty.

We visited him at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, after having seen the much-talked-of exhibition of his works. He is a corpulent, exuberant, smiling man of enchanting simplicity of manner and an unlimited ingenuity.

'In Finland,' he told us, sipping his Oporto sybaritically, 'there are so many bears that sometimes we have to send an army detachment to fight them; but as we have still more wolves than bears the soldiers sometimes find themselves besieged. . . .'

'And in Argentina — '

'Oh, I know what you are going to tell me about Argentina. The Gauchos intimidate whole cities by firing revolver shots, and in the country, when someone wants to have a steak, he kills a bullock and takes one. . . .'

And he goes off in a fit of sonorous laughter, very content with his own joke.

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JAPANESE SHORT STORIES

BY SMIMASA IDICHI

From the *Herald of Asia, March* 31
(TOKYO ENGLISH-LANGUAGE JAPANESE LIBERAL WEEKLY)

A STRIKING feature of Japanese literature is the great development which has been achieved in the field of the novel in recent years. The development has been made in the form of fiction-writing as well as in the circle of the reading public. Writers of new schools have appeared; they have brought new interests; they have opened up the fields which have hitherto been neglected. The public to which they appeal has also widened.

The production of novels in great abundance is, indeed, a phenomenon which strikes any observer of the current literature of the country. The phenomenon is more apparent in periodical literature. Not only magazines of fiction, but all sorts of journals contain some pages of stories. High prices are paid for the works of fiction; and story-writing is now a profession which is not without the prospect of handsome pecuniary return. All this shows that the novel is widely read.

The profession of story-writing, which is now a most conspicuous feature of literary activities in this country, has called forth a variety of talents. The form and nature of their works are so varied that it is quite possible to distinguish different schools among them. A classification of these different schools will help the reader in forming an idea of the characteristics and qualities of the Japanese novel of today.

A movement which has lately caused a heated controversy in literary circles is what is called the proletarian literature. The origin of the movement may be traced to a revolt against what the promoters of the movement call bourgeois literature. But its principal motive must be sought in the labor movement which made headway during the economic boom in the early days of the war.

A group of sons of aristocratic families, who had literary inclinations, banded together, and began to issue a magazine, called *White Birch*. The *White Birch* came to be a new force in the world of letters. The principles of the writers who were connected with the magazine were not professedly for the upholding of aristocratic interests. On the contrary, the writers were those who felt some uneasiness in their conscience in accepting the privileged position into which the accident of their birth had thrown them, and who had some doubts as to the system of nobility to which they belonged. They tried to air their sentiments through the medium of literary compositions.

The concerted work of the band is not now as active as before; but two figures stand preëminent among them — Saneatsu Mushakoji and Takero Arishima. The former is now retired in Hyuga in the south of Kyushu, where he has founded a new community with his followers somewhat along the line of Brook Farm; the latter has shown his belief in a Tolstoian principle by rendering without compensation to the tenants a vast tract of farms in Hokushu which he inherited from his father. Indeed, we are often reminded of Tolstoi-

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an doctrines in the acts and principles of the *White Birch* coterie.

The movement of the *White Birch* was not a war declared against the proletarian principles; it was rather a compromise with them; but the workers in the labor movement stood against them. The leaders of the proletarian literature, it must be remembered, do not wage war directly against the aristocracy; their enemy includes the middle class as well. They maintain that the literature of the country has hitherto been the work and sport of the bourgeoisie and that a new literature which appeals to the proletariat should be created.

Principles of these two opposing movements, or rather currents, are reflected in the novels. From the point of view of pure literature, works of the aristocratic school are superior to those of the proletarian school. As a matter of fact, the proletarian school is yet in the making; no writers of the first order have yet appeared. But the work of Koichiro Mayedagawa is a fair promise of the possible development of the school.

Another group of writers whose works have more or less the same tendencies is what may be called the humanitarian school. Among the prominent writers of this school may be mentioned the names of Takero Arishima, Genjiro Yoshida, Hyakuzo Kurata, author of the *Priest and His Disciples*, and Toyohiko Kagawa, author of *Beyond the Death Line*. It is worthy of note that writers of the school are at one in being animated by religious sentiment. Their works savor of religious faith in the final salvation of humanity.

As writers of distinct schools, the above-mentioned writers are of note; but they are not the very best writers of fiction. It is true that Kurata's *Priest and His Disciples* and Kagawa's *Beyond the Death Line* enjoyed a phenomenally large sale; but it is very doubtful if the two works contain qualities of permanent literary value.

There is another class of writers who are best sellers and whose works also rank high as works of art. They are the best writers of the day, and have a strong hold upon the reading public. It would be hazardous to group them under one distinct school; they all have qualities of their own differing from one another; but they may be classed together as representing the most popular form of fiction.

Best representatives of this school are Jun-ichiro Tanizaki, Hiroshi Kikuchi, Ton Satomi, and Kazuo Hirotsu. Their works, different as they are in form and style, reflect the taste and life which prevail among a large section of people. We find two qualities which characterize their works. One is sensualism; and the other is melancholy.

Cravings for sensual pleasures are presented in strong colors. Physical beauties of women are depicted in an alluring manner; situations are created in which the sexual passion can easily be excited; and favorite characters are those who are inclined toward the pursuit of animal pleasures. The exaltation of pleasures of life has led some writers of the school to adore and worship the beautiful and the artistic. The present is an age of commercialism and materialism; and life does not offer much of the beautiful and the artistic. They fall back, therefore, upon an age in the past in which they find things and conditions of life answering their purpose.

The age chosen is the later days of the Tokugawa period, when people were more devoted to the enjoyment of life and art than to-day. It was in those days that every device was instituted to satisfy the insatiable minds of pleasure-seekers. Even the institutions and professions which pandered

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to the base pleasures of people were atoned by some artistic schemes. Out of this state of things do the writers find themes in which they can indulge in their adoration of the beautiful and the artistic. Mr. Tanizaki's *Tattooing* is a story of this category.

The quality of melancholy is found in some young heroes. Such characters are generally men who are oppressed by the high pressure of modern strenuous life. They are too sentimental or too weak in character to keep pace with the current of modern life; they cannot run with the times; they are left behind in the race for success. The battle of life as it is fought at present is too much for them. Men of this type are the victims of modern life; and they are not lacking in this fair land. In Mr. Hirotsu's *A Man of Melancholia* we find a man of this type.

It may safely be said that the present development of our novel is principally due to foreign influences. The vast difference between the fiction of the Tokugawa period and that of to-day must be attributed to the introduction of European methods of story-writing. The abandonment of the tradition of the Tokugawa period really marks the beginning of the present form of fiction.

Writers of to-day have received influence from foreign authors. The influence of French and Russian novelists is most remarkable. Of the French writers, Zola and Maupassant have more influence than others. Of the Russian authors, Tolstoi, Turguenev, and Dostoevskii are the three writers who have influenced our novelists in a great measure.

It is curious to note that comparatively little influence is felt of English novelists, although English literature in general is more widely studied than that of any other country. The fact looks more curious when we remember that French and Russian writers are read by our novelists almost always in English translations. But it is perhaps due to the fact that Japanese national character is more akin to that of Continental countries.

THEY BEGIN TO WHISTLE AT PARISIAN THEATRES

BY C. G. SARTI

From *La Tribuna, March* 16
(Rome Liberal Daily)

Some of these days a scientist may discover that the habit of whistling at plays that you dislike depends on the presence in your organism of a special microbe. This microbe is finding a fertile soil in France at present. In the space of a week three comedies have been whistled down by the Parisian public. The first time the whistling attracted but little attention; the second time it surprised those present; the third time a scandalous disturbance ensued. To be sure, every time the whistlers behaved, on the whole, correctly, which proves that the epidemic is barely starting in France. The noise they made was timid and low, and it stopped instantly when some gentle-

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man or lady from among the audience called: '*Mettez-les à la porte!*' The play continued undisturbed and applause was more emphatic than it had been.

If those who whistled knew the consequences of their conduct, they would have kept quiet, and even pretended approval. The spirit of contradiction slumbers in every individual, and in masses it breaks out at the least provocation. If futurists had not been supported by humanity's love of contradicting, they would have been forgotten in a few weeks and would have had to choose another trade.

The first French dramatic author to experience the shock was M. Bruyez. He is a young man and belongs to the vanguard of dramatic writers. His *férocité* — not comedy, or drama, but *férocité* — in three acts, *Le père ilot*, develops the following plot: The father of a large family of children decided that the best education he could give them would be to show himself to them as a living image of misery, so as to make his sons meditate on the horror of vice and thus induce them to be virtuous. Like Lycurgus of ancient Sparta, who drove the intoxicated helots through the streets in order that his countrymen might learn to abhor drunkenness, this queer parent assumed the aspect of a miserable helot in his own family, behaving as a wretched husband and father. The play was not badly performed, but in order to attain the desired effect exaggeration was unavoidable. The public speedily detected that all this was pure fiction and at a certain point whistles began.

The second time whistles were heard at the presentation of A. Lang's comedy, *The Pleasure of Being Bad*. Mr. Lang also belongs to a group of innovators called the *Cercle des Écoliers*. Nearly every work they present contains something interesting, original, genial. *The Pleasure of Being Bad* is an exasperating analysis of a character possessing a bad temper and loving no one except himself, his own whims, and his own cruelty. He is the modern tyrant. Young, rich, intelligent, he seems to have imbibed Nietzschean theories. He abandons his mother's home at twenty and does not return until eight years later, to find a growing half-sister at home.

He treats his mother coldly just because it displeases him to see her happy. He does not appear at a luncheon given by his family in his honor just because he knows that everyone will feel offended by this act. A woman with whom he has been flirting, and who loves him passionately, listens to his entreaties and gives him an appointment, from which, later on, he dismisses her in a most disgraceful way. He declares to his mother his intention of committing suicide, and when she entreats him on her knees to abstain for her sake, and for the sake of his half-sister, he answers her with a very unbecoming remark concerning the latter. When the woman he has treated so harshly telephones him that her husband knows all about their interview, and implores his assistance and protection, he tells her: 'Nothing interests me any longer, for I am going to destroy myself. Hold the receiver, and you will hear the pistol-shot that will end my life.' Whereupon he discharges his pistol into the air.

This repulsive, paradoxical, but artistically constructed work, abounding in original scenes, violent, sensational, keeping the audience in suspense, caused a regular little battle. Half of the spectators whistled, while the other half applauded. The whistlers soon quieted down and the other half were left masters of the situation, but the play ended amid a general bewilderment. An advanced work of art? A promise of a better future? A misunderstood masterpiece? Which was

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it? No one wanted to commit himself on the subject, but many received the impression that Lang had in him all the prerequisites of a good playwright.

The most disconcerting of all were the whistles that disturbed the placid austerity of the Comédie Française. Director M. Émile Fabre would like, to be sure, to impart a modern tone to this theatre. But the Comédie Française is frequented by 'miso-neist' audiences who dread nothing as much as novelty: Government employees, *petits bourgeois*, aristocracy of the suburbs, academicians, student girls and high school pupils. Anyone who goes to the Comédie Française goes there in order to hear a play of the classic repertory, or in any case a moral play. Daughters come there accompanied by their mammas, pupils with their teachers, and engaged young ladies are escorted by their fiancés precisely because they know that the spectacle will make them weep, move them, elevate them, or provoke a wholesome hilarity.

Consequently the efforts of M. Émile Fabre are somewhat perilous because the modern tendency in the theatre is toward the sensational, the immoral, the scandalous. In vain he will argue that the Comédie Française carries special matinée performances for young ladies, where venerable actresses present fragments from Racine, Corneille, Musset. The modest dames from the left bank of the Seine feel that the respectability of these entertainments should not serve as an excuse for less respectable spectacles at other times. But M. Fabre does not renounce his artistic designs so easily as that.

Accordingly he insisted upon presenting *The Children's Carnival*, which for ten years had been a success at the Théâtre des Arts. Alas, the accustomed audience of the Comédie Française knew nothing about the drama of Saint Georges de Bouhelier. The closing scene of the second act left them deeply disturbed: a mother had just revealed to her daughters her own former sins and cried pathetically: 'Look what I have become to-day! And before — before I was beautiful! Everyone wanted me. . . . ' This lady seemed to them more deserving of reprobation than *La Dame aux Camélias* — the heroine of a play never admitted upon the stage of the Comédie Française. When, in the third act, they saw one of the daughters elope with her lover a few hours after the death of her worthy mother, and masked robbers break into the house where the dead body lay waiting to be taken out for burial, their indignation could not be restrained any longer. They whistled. They whistled with elegance, with grace, with due regard for the place and the circumstances. But their whistles echoed all over Paris.

If you have any doubt, take a look at the French dailies. All of them are discussing the incident at the Comédie Française. Some journalists consider this manifestation of prudishness as exaggerated. 'How!' one of them exclaims. 'In our day, when the audiences of the music halls delight in shows of the utmost frankness, people here in our gay Paris get scandalized over realism in a drama and the confessions of a sinner!'

There was also discussion as to the whistlers' right to whistle. '*C'est un droit qu'à la porte on achete en entrant*,' said M. Fabre with a frank smile, repeating a verse of Boileau. And Robert de Fleurs added: 'Such a right, at that, is bought dearly enough these days. It would be unfair to dispute it.' Pierre Wolff remarked calmly: 'Whistling? So much the better if this is the starting-point for a reaction in a public that until to-day has been too much inclined to accept everything without a murmur.'

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BROTHER OR STRANGER?

BY J. ST. LOE STRACHEY

[*Spectator*]

> He, nor that affable familiar ghost
> Which nightly gulls him with intelligence.
>
> — SHAKESPEARE

BROTHER or stranger, active friend or foe?
I do not know: perhaps shall never know.
I rule o'er him, and yet he rules o'er me.
I am his bondman. Yet he's slave to me.
I have not seen his face, and he is blind.
He's fierce when I am humble. When he's kind
I most despise him, flout him — almost hate,
And still I see in him the hand of fate.
He frames my future, as he is my past,
And I in him behold the first and last.

But kind he can be, and keeps close at hand —
Save when I want him most; then he will stand
Dark, secret, dumb, and turn the deafest ears
To all my calls to help me still my fears.
When night has come he'll to my bedside steal,
And sit beside me. He can make me feel
His presence, though I'm almost drowned in sleep:
And here he shows his best, for he can keep
My memories bright by reading from old notes
Of things forgot, yet things on which he dotes
As precious gems. Often he me persuades
To follow him in spirit through the shades
Of long dead sorrows and of foolish joys
As little worth as children's broken toys.
For he himself is childish — brave in speech,
Though fearful of all ills within his reach.
And yet I love him, in that he supplies
So much that brings lost pictures to my eyes.
If I refrain from frightening him away
By too much asking, he will turn to play
Old games and tell old tales in such strange guise,
I laugh aloud in wonder and surprise.

Not till the dreaded and yet glorious hour
Of dissolution shall I prove his power.
Then we must part, and for a moment's space
(Oh, moment awful!) I shall see his face.
Will it be mine, and shall I fade away
A helpless shadow at the dawn of day?
Oh no! 't is he, 't is he will cease to be,
And I from my false self at last break free.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

MEALS IN FICTION

'PENGUIN' — whoever he is — of the London *Observer* started it. He began to chronicle the odds and ends of fiction. Once a week as regularly as Sunday his essays would appear. One week it was red-headed men in fiction; the next week it was liars in literature; again it was stockings in the novel; and on still another week it was gloves. Penguin's prize glove was the one that Frank Churchill stepped into the shop to buy at Highbury in Jane Austen's *Emma;* but he had plenty of other gloves, especially that long series of steel gauntlets that have clashed to the floor as countless series of gallant knights have defied their foes in novels of the cape-and-sword variety.

Now the fad has spread to the *Manchester Guardian,* which hitherto has kept sternly aloof from poaching on the *Observer's* preserves. The subject this time is 'Meals in Fiction,' an agreeable title enough, which Miss Evelyn Smith introduces by informing us that 'in no period and in no literature have the joys of the table been unchronicled. Banqueting-hall and ordinary, coffee-house and inn, have spread their feasts for those insubstantial figures who may eat at random, in splendid disregard of consequences, confident that their creators will settle their digestive processes and their bills. Epic, lyric, drama, essay, prose fiction — all have their unforgettable eatings and drinkings. No strange other world is so strange as to ignore convivial pleasure. Oberon eats his moon-parched grain of purest wheat and his little fuzz-ball pudding at his mushroom table; the six-winged Raphael, passing in glorious shape from heaven to earth, is an excellent trencherman. "To taste think not I shall be nice," says he, when Eve sets "savory fruits and nectarous draughts" before him, and falls to "with keen dispatch of real hunger."'

Miss Smith gives a list of literary meals, though it seems too bad to apply that prosaic term to the fantastic cates with which Madeline is entertained in Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes.*

There are plenty of more prosaic repasts, however, especially that in which Petruchio plays host to Katherine in the *Taming of the Shrew.* Louis XI of France introduces Quentin Durward at breakfast. Dr. Littleton, in the *Egoist,* devotes a chapter to wine, but Miss Smith complains that 'the most enjoyable meals are eaten in the books of men.' There is, to be sure, a good dinner in the last novel of Miss Rebecca West, but even there the heroine fails to appreciate its good points.

Indeed, Miss Smith herself exhibits feminine gastronomic indifference in her own essay, for she has missed many of the most famous of literary banquets. Where are the enormous feasts of the Homeric heroes? Not once do they appear in her category. Where are the mighty revels at which the kings Hrothgar and Hygelac entertained their thanes? Where is Plato's *Symposium?* Where, too, is the banquet scene in *Macbeth?* Or the collation prepared for Christopher Sly in the introduction to the *Taming of the Shrew* — although this may be forgiven Miss Smith since the prologue to Shakespeare's play is neglected nowadays and the much more elaborate prologue to the *Taming of a Shrew* is almost forgotten.

There is, to be sure, no food in *Hamlet,* and what wine there is is fatal

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enough to satisfy Mr. Volstead; but neither Shakespeare nor the other Elizabethans were likely to despise good things to eat and drink. There is some eating, more drinking, and a vast deal of talking about both in *Henry IV.*

More modern authors have shared this very common human trait. Mr. Samuel Pepys is never averse to mentioning good cheer. Jane Austen's heroes and heroines either picnic or go out to dinner every other day. Mrs. Gaskell's ladies in *Cranford* eat with more than ordinary delicacy, and when we get sufficiently far along in English literature to reach Charles Dickens we have a veritable abundance of good cheer. Mere mention of the *Pickwick Papers* recalls a host of feasts ranging from the titanic entertainments at Mr. Wardle's to the difficulties in which Mr. Stiggins became involved. Heroes in modern fiction, it is true, do not seem to be as well fed as they used to be in the good old days. Perhaps that is why they incline to be anæmic. We may even yet see a movement on foot which may take organized form as the Society for the Encouragement of Proper Nutriment for Heroes in Novels.

✽

A CZECHOSLOVAK RÉGISSEUR

THE success of the Capek Brothers as playwrights is increasing European interest in the excellent work done by some of the best Prague theatres. One of the most important figures, who is likely to come increasingly to the attention of both Europeans and Americans, is Dr. H. K. Hilar, the Director of Drama at the Narodni Divadlo or National Theatre in Prague. Some say that the success of the Capek plays has been largely due to his mountings, which were used not only in Prague but also in New York, Paris, and Berlin. Presumably they are also being used in London, where *R.U.R.* is now presented.

Dr. Hilar first attracted attention two years ago while Director of the Municipal Theatre in Prague, when his treatment of the first presentation of *R.U.R.* fired the imaginations of those who like creative life in the theatre.

After that came the *Insect Play*, which makes an extraordinary demand on the resourcefulness and imaginative powers of the producer, since the dramatists have employed several species of insects to satirize the foibles and weaknesses of the human race, which pretends to be the crown of creation.

Part of Dr. Hilar's success has been due to the skillful use of masks, some of them strange and outlandish when he wants effects that are not human, as in the *Insect Play* or in *R.U.R.*, or when he wishes exaggerated effects, as in a play called *Prevrat* (*The Upheaval*), which he recently produced. This satire is a pageant of caricature, which makes a mock of reality's rough handling of human ideals. A series of grotesque figures pass across the stage. Their speeches, their faces, their movements, and their physical appearances are correspondingly absurd. Hilar has also produced Marlowe's *Edward the Second* and Strindberg's *Queen Christina.*

One of his chief lieutenants is Vlastimil Hofman. Hofman appears to have a weakness for hard, vivid colors, and a clever manipulation of lantern-slide backgrounds, but one English critic charges him with falling in love with his materials and becoming a little pretentious.

Among the plays that Hofman has produced are Schiller's *Don Carlos* and Wedekind's *Frühlings Erwachen.*

Velona Pilcher writes: 'I think it is characteristic of these Prague theatre-workers to be brilliant rather than poetic, melodramatic rather than mysterious.'

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ANGLO-SAXON RELICS IN ENGLAND

PROFESSOR F. G. PARSONS, who holds the Chair of Anatomy in the University of London, describes in the *Times* three excavations of Anglo-Saxon burial sites at Margate, Mitcham, and Bidford-on-Avon which are being carried forward. The three most recent finds are by no means unusual, for Professor Parsons says that 'in the past twenty years during which I have taken an interest in this subject, hardly a year has passed that fresh Saxon finds have not been more or less carefully recorded.'

The site at Margate is the smallest of the three. The burials were discovered while workmen were widening a road. On the southern side of the crest, where the road leads over a rolling chalk hill, the graves — which seem to be those of Jutes — are only a foot or two from the surface, in regular rows like the Reihengraben which have long been known in northwestern Germany.

At Mitcham, which is only a few miles from London, a gravel pit, in which hundreds of Saxon bodies are buried, is being excavated. The mode of burial is the same as at the Margate site, but the ornaments and the absence of the characteristic earthen bottles show that these belong to true Saxons rather than to Jutes as in the first case, and probably to West Saxons. Apparently, however, the Saxon invaders who settled here regarded London with more or less terror. Few examples of Roman art are found in the graves, although many must have been available for the invaders, and as a rule Roman coins are the only objects found. Professor Parsons remarks: 'Apparently London in those early days was a place they neither knew nor wished to know — an abode of sorcery and unknown terrors, which it took many generations to set aside.' His idea is borne out by numerous passages in the fragments of old English poetry that have come down to us, in which the Roman ruins are referred to with a feeling akin to awe.

At Bidford-on-Avon the graves again seem to be those of West Saxons who had followed the Thames to its upper waters and then cut across country to the Avon. They may, however, belong to the Hwiccas, who first appear in history about 580 A.D. and are believed to be a mixture of West Saxon and Anglian blood. The last group of graves apparently dates between 580 and 680 A.D. Before 580 this part of Britain was in the hands of the original Britons. By 680 we know that the country had been sufficiently Christianized to warrant the appointment of a bishop.

The most interesting part of Professor Parsons's article is his comment on the discoveries, and the deductions that he draws from them. All the burial sites seem to have been those of early Saxon invaders, hence probably of pagans. The skulls are mainly typically long-headed Nordics, although occasionally a round head of mid-European origin turns up to warn anthropologists that even in this early day Anglo-Saxon blood was not strictly pure. These Saxons are not tall men, judged by modern standards. The average middle-class Englishman to-day averages five feet nine inches, whereas the Saxon average seems to have been about five feet six inches. This scarcely agrees with the Roman accounts of tall barbarians, but even five feet six inches may have been enough to impress Romans of the Later Empire.

Some of the Anglo-Saxon chiefs seem to have been fine specimens of manhood. The teeth are well-worn, indicating that much of their food consisted of grain roughly ground by soft stones. Curiously enough, some of them used the incisor teeth as well as

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their molars, so that the front teeth meet in an edge-to-edge bite instead of overlapping as they do in most modern men. Such a structure of the jaw is said to occur to-day in about three per cent of the modern British.

Fractured bones are very common, as might be expected of heroes in that rough and tumble age, and there are a good many injuries to the head which show the rough and adventurous life that they lived. The bones indicate that there was terrible suffering from chronic rheumatism and from osteo-arthritis. Most seem to have died before forty, and many of the bodies are those of adolescents between fifteen and twenty years old. The bones of the thigh and leg show curious modifications which were at one time thought to be characteristic of the race, but are now known to be due to muscular action resulting from the habit of squatting. Apparently in these early days of English history chairs and benches were at a premium and the common people squatted when occupied in what we to-day should call sedentary — that is, sitting — occupations. Perhaps this is why references to benches and chairs are so common in such a poem as *Beowulf*. These articles, so commonplace to-day, were then scarce enough to attract a degree of attention.

Every Saxon man, woman, or child was buried with his knife, and like most primitive warriors the man had spear and shield by his side. Usually the central boss is all that remains of the shield, but impressions in the ground show that it was circular and about eighteen inches in diameter. Only a few chiefs were buried with their swords, which is not surprising, since swords are repeatedly mentioned in old English poetry as heirlooms left to the survivors. Battle-axes are very rare, some of the women have clumsy keys, and occasionally a lady of great social importance is buried with several.

'MAHIT' AT LA SCALA

THE bizarre mimo-symphony by Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli, presented recently at La Scala, is described by *Corriere della Sera* as an expression of the author's firm conviction that music accompanying a mimo-drama may at the same time follow a strictly logical course and keep its integrity of form.

'Mahit' is distinguished from this composer's previous works by the presence of comic and characteristic moments in the score. Combined with the clever setting of the pantomime, it succeeds in awaking the interest of the audience. The latter was very cold at first — and very enthusiastic toward the end. The pantomime of 'Mahit,' while not renouncing entirely the element of dance, mostly uses combinations of dance-like movements only, slightly suggesting sometimes the principles of the Russian ballet. However, the whole composition is truly original. There is a colorful, vivacious intrigue in the plot, and there are warm Oriental touches in the music. A certain part of the score, *Intermezzo della nostalgia*, is especially exquisite.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Philosophy of Plotinus, by W. R. Inge. London: Longmans. Second Edition. 1923. 16*s*.

[Canon Barnes, F. R. S., in the *Sunday Times*]

It is a most significant fact that, within a few years, a second edition of Dean Inge's *Plotinus* should have been called for. The author to whom the Dean has devoted two solid volumes was a Neoplatonist metaphysician who lived in the third century of our era. His *Enneads* are singularly difficult. Their arrangement is chaotic, the style so obscure as to baffle even good Greek scholars. The thought is tiring to the reader, because it is strenuous, and serious, and lofty. Yet Plotinus, the greatest and almost the last of later Greek philosophers, summed up the results of the free speculation of some seven hundred years. What was best in his thought entered into and enriched Christianity.

The Dean of St. Paul's persuasively argues that, if we wish to realize the abiding value of Christian philosophy, we must not merely study the New Testament. We must study Platonism, especially in those later developments which Christian theology absorbed. We shall thus understand that our religious background is both Semitic and Aryan; and we shall realize that from the fusion of Hellenism and Judaism there resulted a coherent view of the Universe, in which the Christian Revelation is naturally central.

The Dean, of course, does not merely expound Plotinus. He gives us his own views and thoughts of space and time, of God and man and the Universe. He examines Neoplatonism in the light of modern speculation, and is especially interesting when he compares the ideas of Plotinus with those which the progress of modern science has caused us to frame. Thus, for example, he points out how, in regard to his view of matter, the ancient philosopher anticipated conclusions which modern physicists seem to be reaching. For Plotinus matter was not material in our sense. It was rather the physicist's ether, a mere subject of energy, a something which becomes matter in our sense 'only in relation to that which is next above it, which gives it form, meaning, and definite existence.'

Dean Inge rejects, as Plotinus would have done, the theory that all matter can be reduced to energy. 'Energy must move something.' In their agreement Plotinus and his commentator may be right: the question is still *sub judice*. But both are on sure ground as they proceed to the refutation of materialism. When we pass from body to soul we have to deal with a different kind of existence. Justice and virtue cannot be stated in terms of the quantitative categories of materialism.

These Liberties, by Evoe. London: Methuen, 1923. 4*s*. 6*d*.

[*New Statesman*]

The books which are easiest to read are those which it is most difficult to review. Indeed, if a book goes far enough in this direction, it will risk not being reviewed at all, for the reviewer will not only read the book but he will go on reading it again and again, and every time he reads it he will use up that space of time which should be devoted to reviewing it.

These Liberties, by Evoe, is just such a book. It is difficult not only to stop reading it but to stop reading it again, once you take it up; and, once you begin reading it, to write about it seems utterly superfluous. Evoe's particular *tour d'esprit* is made manifest even on the title-page in the epigraph: —

Their *virtues*
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
The deep damnation of their taking-off.

These Liberties is a book of parodies. The liberties are taken with modern prose-writers and poets — with Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Middleton Murry, Mr. George Moore, Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and other poets and novelists, old and young.

Like all good parodies, they are an acute and subtle form of criticism. But they are more than this. Evoe does more than imitate the manner and underline the mannerisms of his victims. He does more than achieve fantastic or comic contrast by applying a well-known and serious manner to an incongruous subject. He seems to assimilate and employ the very inflections and accents of the poet or the writer with whom liberty is being taken, and if you happen to know the author personally, you will hear, as you read the parody, the voice not of Evoe but of the author in question.

So much for the artistic part of the book, which would be difficult to overpraise. There is besides this the joy of Evoe's peculiar wit and his fun. We will take a few examples. Does not the following give the quintessential flavor of George Moore?

"'But why was no portrait of me made?" I murmured, almost angrily, as I stood in front of a looking-glass one evening last week and finished

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the ends of my white bow for Cremorne. "Landseer might have done it, or Millais, but never Rossetti."'

And Mr. Chesterton at a football match, feeling how much there is in common between professional football and 'the purposeful surge of Gothic architecture,' after comparing the outside forwards to flying buttresses, is made to say this: —

'One might even go so far as to say that the referee himself is fairly frequently regarded as a nave.'

Perhaps the most subtle of all these easily pardonable liberties are those taken with Mr. Thomas Hardy's muse. The lyric is called 'The Rencontre' (Smokers' Club story). Here is a stanza: —

Then she with a laugh: 'You are overlate
For the lych-gate this eve.'
And I: 'Yet you will not have to wait,
For there overbeetles us both a fate
Beyond our power of escapement, I believe.'

We should offer much thanks for the word 'overbeetles.' Evoe can catch the accents of the modern Muse with equal accuracy and felicity. Listen to him speaking with the voice of Mr. Squire in a poem about rivers: —

South again is the Orinoco;
But Ah! that great river the Orinoco,
That rolls through (I think) Venezuela
Its glorious milk-white flood;
Every one I have loved of these rivers
That glass the strange leaves of the forests,
That bear noble barges, or end in
Nasty gray mud.

But to enjoy these liberties to the full, one must take no liberty with them. One must read them straight through, from beginning to end, and not quote passages; and the reader will find himself, if he does this, faced with a quantity of rare treats. He will prefer this or that, according to his individual taste. It is quite likely that he may agree with this reviewer in thinking that the book contains no more perfect a whole than 'The Meadow,' a spring idyll in the manner of Mr. Middleton Murry.

The Reformation of War, by Colonel J. F. C. Fuller, D.S.O. London: Hutchinson and Co. 16*s*. net.

[H. W. Nevinson in the *Manchester Guardian*]

CERTAINLY there is a touch of daring originality about Colonel Fuller. He fears neither public opinion nor professional opinion. He defies both, shaking his fist at each in turn, with gestures of enthusiastic detestation. Hope of peace is one enemy; tradition in the army and navy is the other. He regards war not only as inevitable, but as an estimable and salutary blessing. In these days it needs a good deal of courage to extol war as a wholesome thing in itself. We who have survived it have begun to question its advantages. Not so Colonel Fuller: —

'The world of 1914 has been purified by fire; to-day this world is a better world than it ever was before, for it has vanquished the greatest of all evils — the spiritual enchainment of liberty. Certainly it is a poorer world; yet "Blessed be ye poor," for poverty means struggle, and struggle means self-sacrifice, and self-sacrifice means progress.'

That is the Colonel's text throughout, and we suppose it is all right, though we wish we could see signs of progress in the ten or twelve million skeletons of young men scattered about Europe, or in the million and a half unemployed in England, or in the millions of famished people and tuberculous children in Germany, to say nothing of Russia. But Colonel Fuller takes it as a law of nature that a vast war will inevitably recur about every fifty years, all for the good of humanity and progress. He does occasionally mention peace as the object of war, but in his heart he regards war as an object in itself; for war is the only loyal handmaid of evolution, and the only defense against those wicked Socialists, Bolsheviki, or Communists, whom he groups together as 'howling, blood-intoxicated gorillas.'

This gospel of bloodshed was common before the war, especially in Prussia, and we need not linger over it. The originality of Colonel Fuller's aspect of war is that he does not want blood to be shed — not much blood. He thinks that under the new developments of science one nation will be able to impose its will upon another ('the object of war') without killing such hosts of men and women as at present. This laudable purpose is to be achieved by poison gas, tanks, aeroplanes, and submarines.

It is a great economic mistake, he says, to kill or ruin an enemy to extremity; and indeed we English are finding it so, though the French have not yet discovered this truth. He foresees a time, not far distant, when, by 500 aeroplanes armed with gas, London may be overcome and compelled to accept terms within forty-eight hours, without costing the enemy a man. And for this purpose a gas that incapacitates without killing would serve even better than a lethal gas. In the next war no distinction will be made between the military and the civilian population, and there one agrees with him. But there is something original in his conception of war without much killing, and one can only hope it would conduce to his ideal of progress as much as the ordinary flow of blood.

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'Books, the Legacies that Genius Leaves to Mankind'—Addison

THE human species,' asserted Elia, 'is composed of two distinct races, the men who borrow and the men who lend. The infinite superiority of the former, which I choose to designate as the great race, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born degraded. "He shall serve his brethren." There is something in the air of one of this cast, lean and suspicious: contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manners of the other.' But note how swiftly Lamb drops the note of affectionate forbearance when he contemplates 'a class of alienators more formidable than that which I have touched upon; I mean your borrowers of books — those mutilators of collections, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves, and creators of odd volumes.' And then he pillories for all time certain of these moral defectives who for some reason escaped Lombroso's attention.

In 1919 we Americans spent but 31 cents per capita for books. We are, then, living in a condition of savagery or we are inveterate book-borrowers. It is, perhaps, better to borrow than completely to forgo reading; but the punishment for borrowing is inextricably commingled with the crime; for what borrower ever sat down to read the volume he had ravished with that sense of infinite leisure, of secure contentment which marks the sentiments of the rightful owner? If he intends to return the book, he is subconsciously haunted by a feeling of haste and obligation. If he plans to retain it, unless he be utterly unregenerate, he feels an impulse to lock the door and draw the shades while he furtively scans the pilfered pages. Is not a burglar ethically superior to a borrower? For what, after all, is the ethical status of the latter? An author, a man usually of exceptional talent and attainments, devotes, let us say, at least two years to the production of a volume. For two dollars he offers us the fruit of his two years' devoted labor: we hire two years of his time for two dollars.

'Your borrowers of books—those mutilators of collections.' —LAMB

He is the original dollar-a-year man. For every volume sold, the author nets 10% or 20 cents. The borrower says in effect: 'Thank you for your two years' work, old chap, but I refuse to pay you 20 cents for it. I'll borrow.' Not very sporting, is it? Small wonder at the whimsical sarcasm of the gentle Elia.

But crime, we are beginning to believe, is the result of disease or ignorance. Probably the borrower borrows because he is ignorant of the pure and innocent joy which ownership of a well-selected library confers: that assurance that one has laid up for himself treasures in an intellectual heaven where neither moth nor dust can in any serious degree corrupt and where, borrowers excepted, thieves will not break in and steal. Like jeweled rosaries the rows of volumes line the room, blazing in cheerful color in the morning sunlight, gleaming with subdued radiance beneath the evening lamp: an impregnable bulwark against boredom, a source of inspiration and lasting happiness which will never lose its savor.

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